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Ross G. Douthat on the 9/11 Novel

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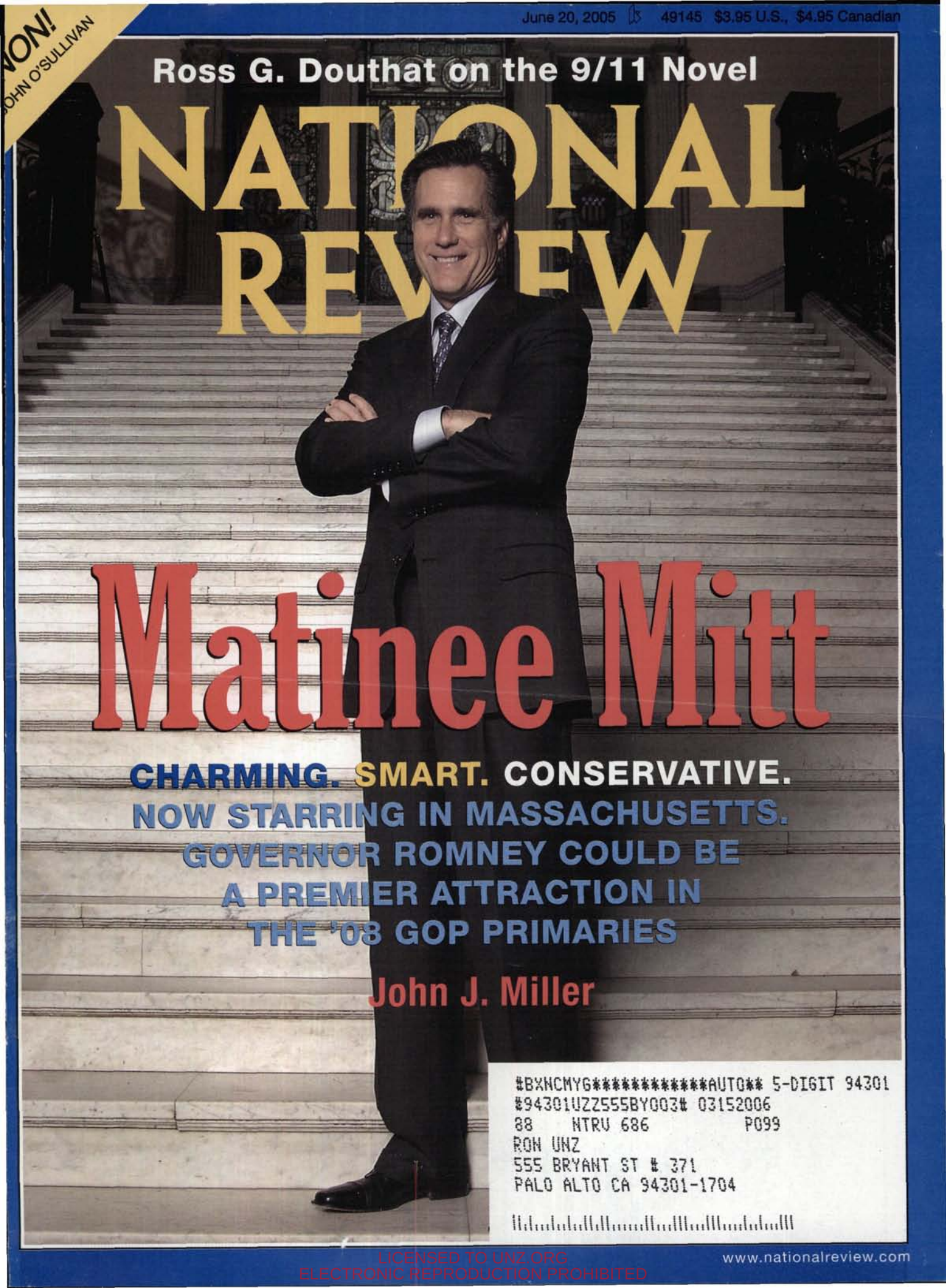

Matinee Mitt

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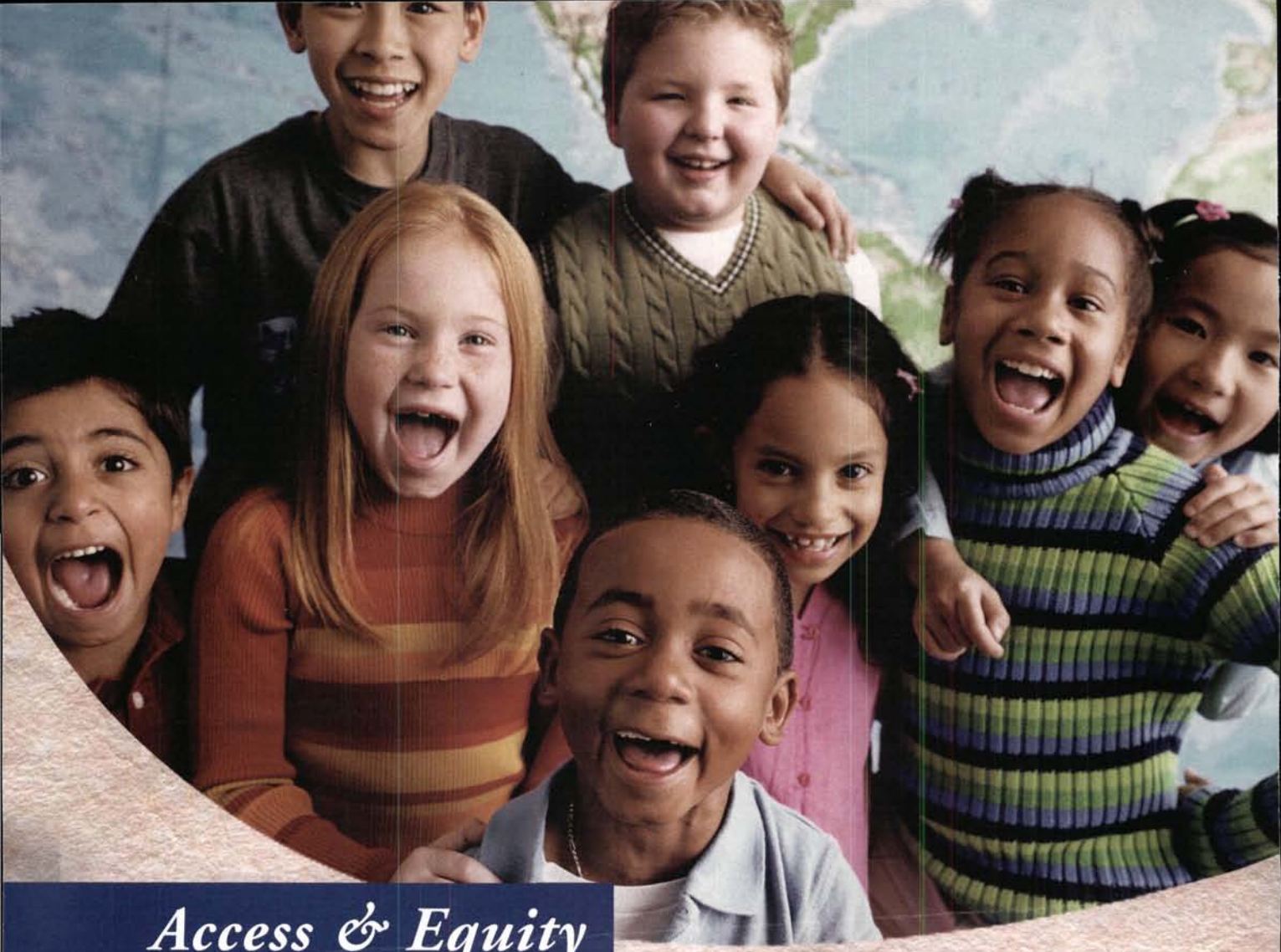

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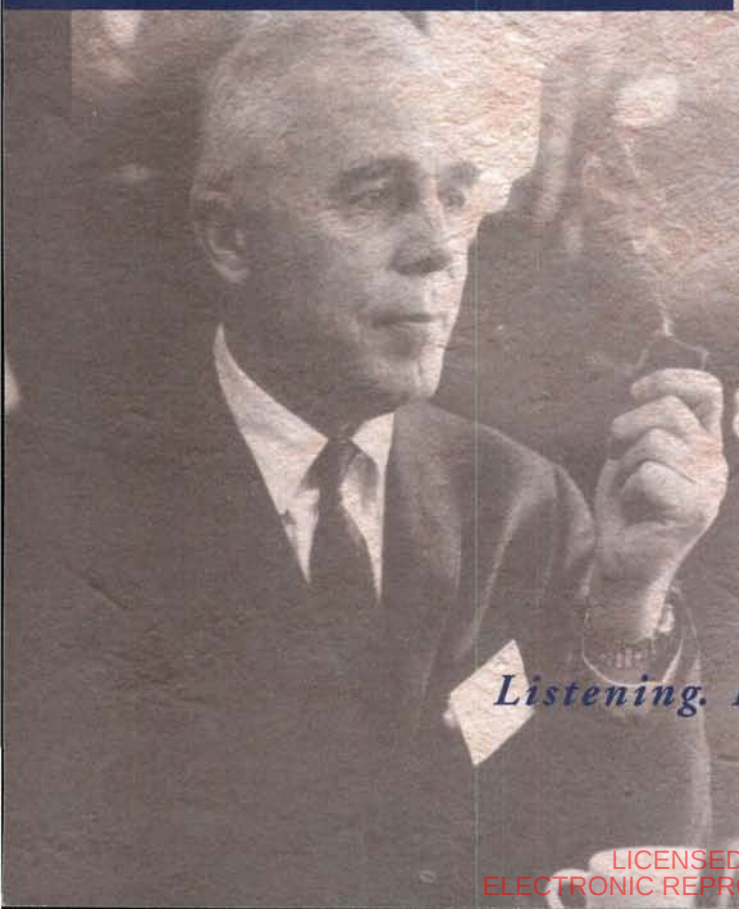

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JUNE 20, 2005 VOL. LVII, NO. 11

NATIONAL REVIEW

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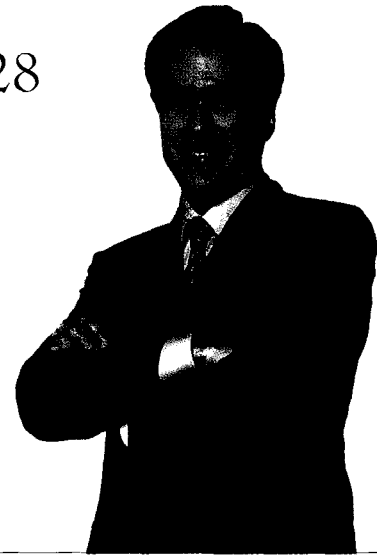
■ COVER STORY

Matinee Mitt

Page 28

Mitt Romney, the handsome governor from Massachusetts, will decide this fall whether to run for reelection in 2006 or president in 2008. If he aims high, he could become the most prominent governor (or recent ex-governor) in the GOP field. But he'll need to catch a break from conservatives who possess an instinctive wariness of anything emanating from the land of Kennedy, Dukakis, and Kerry. Their skepticism is well warranted—but Romney also deserves a fair hearing. *By John J. Miller*



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COVER: © *Stanley Rowin: stanstudio.com*

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by NATIONAL REVIEW, Inc., at 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 2005. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to NATIONAL REVIEW, Circulation Dept., P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 815-734-1232, Monday–Friday, 8:00 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to NATIONAL REVIEW, Circulation Dept., P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668. Printed in the U.S.A.

RATES: $65.00 a year (24 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or artwork unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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June 20 issue; printed June 2

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MAIN NUMBER 212-679-7330
SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES 815-734-1232
WASHINGTON OFFICE 202-543-9226

ADVERTISING SALES 212-679-7330
Executive Publisher Scott F. Budd
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letters to the editor

REMINDS ME OF '54

Stephan Thernstrom's "Harvard's Crucible" (April 11) was thoughtful and thought-provoking. President Lawrence Summers's situation is not unique in Harvard's history. Unlike Summers, Harvard's first president lost his presidency, in 1654. Henry Dunster was forced to resign because he declined to baptize his son, believing that only adults should be baptized. After three and a half centuries, the Harvard faculty seems to use the same yardstick of conventional wisdom—and not intellectual freedom—when it comes to running Harvard Yard.

Arun Khanna
Indianapolis, Ind.

A MATTER OF SHAME

Was it a coincidence that articles about the Bolton nomination battle and the continuing ignominy that is the situation in Sudan appeared in the same issue of NATIONAL REVIEW ("Blowing Their Stack" by Byron York and "About Sudan" by Jay Nordlinger, May 23)?

Regarding Bolton, rarely have we seen such a querulous debate concerning such trivial charges. Byron York is right that the Democrats' calculation appears to be that a defeat for Bush on any front will weaken support for his larger agenda.

Meanwhile, Jay Nordlinger's piece compares U.N. inaction in Rwanda to what is now occurring in Sudan. He notes that President Bush viewed the film *Hotel Rwanda* and even met with its hero, Paul Rusesabagina, who at risk to his own life helped save over a thousand people during the genocide. In one scene, Rusesabagina urges sheltered refugees to call friends and relatives abroad to aid in their rescue. He says potential sponsors "must be shamed" into helping.

Of the eight Democrats on the Foreign Relations Committee deciding the Bolton nomination, seven were in Congress when the 1994 Rwandan slaughter occurred and the U.N. sat on its hands. The president typically takes the rhetorical high road. But in matters like genocide, when opponents are playing partisan games, some demagoguery would be appropriate. With human butchery in progress, opponents of action need to be shamed, whether it's the U.N. or Senate Democrats.

David Stevens
Bloomingdale, N.J.

BUILT TO LAST

Richard Brookhiser's ode to wood in the May 23 issue ("Branching Out") struck a chord with me. Raised in heavily forested South Carolina, I have always considered any place with less tree coverage to be essentially a desert. I love the look of wood, and constructed the bookcase headboard for my bed out of California clear redwood, covering it with the thinnest of transparent varnishes.

I had the unfortunate privilege of spending a portion of my Air Force career at the Pentagon. That building is constructed like a fortress, as if its builders expected it to have to withstand artillery fire. None of them could have realized that one day it would take a blow worse than that. From my office window I could view one of the inner walls of the "E" ring, and the rough lumber used for the concrete forms in 1942 left its grain in a clearly discernable pattern. It's still there—the terrorists of September 11 did not manage to knock it out, and today it is striking back in its own way. When bin Laden and his ilk are ashes in the dustbin of history, along with Hitler and Saddam, that wood pattern will still be there.

Wayne Eleazer
Merritt Island, Fla.

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THE WEEK

■ According to a new book by *Washington Post* reporter John F. Harris, Hillary Clinton taunted her husband's staffers for not being tough enough. "JFK had real men in his White House!" she said. Yeah, and lots of women, too.

■ The London tabloid the *Sun* is perhaps best known for the young ladies who appear on Page Three, wearing very little. It recently published a revealing shot of a different sort—a picture of Saddam Hussein in his ill-fitting prison undies, whereupon comment ensued. In the Internet age, everything truly is a sieve, and war planners must plan accordingly. If you don't want the world to see it, don't do it. But is there in truth a downside to Saddam's exposure? Perhaps we offended some Iraqi Sunnis, the most sensitive people on earth (where were their sensibilities when Saddam and his sons were gassing and raping?). Normal Iraqis were probably heartened by the sight. The picture of the Nuremberg defendants in their ill-fitting suits was one more layer of gilt scraped off the idol of Nazism. Going, going, soon to be gone.

■ There are few institutions more jealous of their dignity than the United States Senate. It was hard to suppress a smile, therefore, when British member of parliament and self-promoter George Galloway showed up in Washington to defend himself before the Senate subcommittee looking into the U.N. Oil for Food scandal. The spectacle resembled an alley cat let loose in a room full of old maids. While the noble senators mumbled and tutted, Galloway scratched and spat. Our pleasure in seeing stuffed shirts having their pomposity punctured by "Gorgeous George" is, however, misplaced. He is a liar and a thief—a nasty piece of work. It is a pity that our staid deliberative bodies do not, as the British parliament does, breed the kind of eye-gouging street fighters needed to take on a rogue like Galloway. If only Rudy Giuliani had been on that committee . . .

■ Sen. Jim Talent, the Missouri Republican, recently proposed—and the Senate Committee on Energy and Natural Resources approved—a mandate for 8 billion gallons of ethanol production per year. Because ethanol is federally subsidized, this exercise in central planning would cost taxpayers $2.3 billion annually. It would also raise prices for corn—from which ethanol is made—and gasoline, costing American consumers additional billions each year. The proposed mandate would do almost nothing to dent the country's dependence on Middle Eastern oil—a supposed goal of ethanol's backers, whose high-minded concern for national security is somewhat vitiated by their insistence on maintaining protectionist quotas against countries that make cheaper ethanol than the U.S. Some researchers even say it takes more energy to produce a gallon of ethanol than that gallon yields when burned. Senator

ROMAN GENN

Talent argues that renewable fuels are where the market is headed anyway. We're not convinced. But if he's right, the market hardly needs a big assist from the taxpayers.

■ From the New York State comptroller's office comes further evidence, if any were needed, that welfare provisions, once established, irresistibly expand beyond all bounds set by reason or concern for the public good. An audit by that office has revealed that during the past five years, 198 convicted sex offenders have received Viagra free of charge, courtesy of the state-administered Medicaid program. It quickly turned out that New York is not alone. Florida attorney general Charlie Crist reported that Medicaid has paid $93,000 to provide Viagra to 218 sex offenders in his state over the last four years. Though these programs are state-administered, Medicaid law is federal, and there is apparently nothing in that law to prevent these, uh, perversities.

■ *Nightline* marked Memorial Day with an extended broadcast, devoted to the names and pictures of all the American servicemen who died in Afghanistan and Iraq during the last year. Ted Koppel explained why: "We owe it to these men and women who have died in the cause of freedom that we remem-

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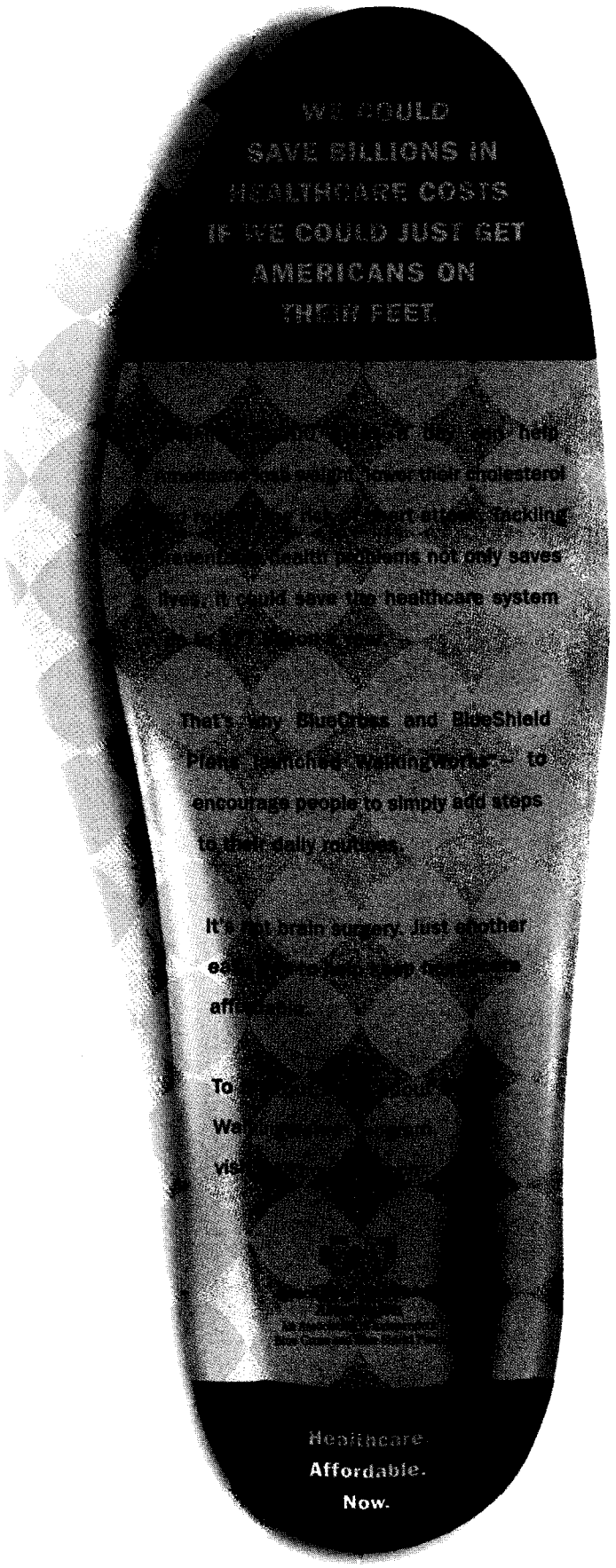

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THE WEEK...

ber them with honor." Let us hope he was sincere, for he is right. The uncontexted listing of names has, since the unveiling of the Vietnam War memorial in Washington, D.C., seemed like a sly critique of all they died for. But it needn't be. The world is a dangerous place, and always will be. Good happens only because men make it happen, and at certain times those men are soldiers. Almost 3,000 Americans were snuffed out in one day, on 9/11; to prevent future mass murders and to liberate millions, the United States has fought two ambitious wars. More may come. We honor the dead, and their comrades.

■ Whew. For a minute there, we thought that on May 26 Democrats filibustered the nomination of John Bolton to be U.S. ambassador to the United Nations. After all, they opposed a Republican cloture motion, blocked an up-or-down confirmation vote, and made it impossible for Bolton to move forward. That's the usual definition of a filibuster. So imagine our relief when we were assured by Sens. Joseph Biden and Christopher Dodd that we had it all wrong, that Democrats had not even thought of filibustering Bolton. "We want to make clear that this is not a filibuster," Biden and Dodd wrote to their fellow Democratic senators. Instead, they explained, Democrats opposed an up-or-down vote for Bolton because they want the administration to turn over some highly classified State Department documents and because they want to "protect the Senate's constitutional power to advise and consent." It all sounded quite high-minded, but could there, perhaps, be another goal: to kill the nomination? We shudder to think so.

■ The leader of men must be wise and strong; when he is not, he must seem so, putting on what John Keegan called the mask of command. Yet at times of high tension great leaders show their emotions: Aeneas, realizing that the Carthaginians among whom he had been shipwrecked knew the "tears at the heart of things"; Nelson, dying at the moment of victory at Trafalgar, saying "Kiss me, Hardy" to his flag captain; Churchill, weeping tears of "wonder and admiration" over the fortitude of Londoners during the Blitz. Now add George Voinovich, telling his Senate colleagues that they should reject John

The Wrong Road

THE great economist F. A. Hayek said in his masterpiece *The Road to Serfdom* that post–World War II Europe had been seduced by the temptations of socialism. By adopting cradle-to-grave welfare programs, Hayek predicted, Europe would suffer from economic stagnation, and his warning proved correct. By the 1970s, Old Europe—principally France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Sweden—was allowing the government to consume half of its economic output, compared with about a one-third share in the U.S. Today, the European Union is economically comatose, with sky-high tax rates on individuals and businesses, double-digit unemployment, economic growth at half the U.S. rate, and widespread disinvestment from a once–economically mighty continent.

For all these reasons, U.S. policymakers should take a close look at a new study by the Congressional Budget Office that suggests we are moving in the direction of the Euro-losers. The CBO calculates that, given our current spending trends, the federal government's take of national output will rise from 20 percent today to 30 percent in 2025, and then to 34 percent by 2040. When we add to this the 12 percent of our national output that is presently consumed by state and local governments, about half of everything we produce in 2040 will be swallowed up by government.

Here's the really depressing part: In making this projection, the CBO did not take into account the possibility that Congress will approve a new series of nanny-state programs—national health care, federal daycare centers, and ever greater government involvement in education, energy, and transportation policy. Rather, the CBO's projections assume we will simply stay on autopilot, in which case hyperinflationary costs of government will arise mostly as a result of runaway spending on health care, retirement programs, and other entitlement expenditures. One of the driving forces behind the CBO's gloomy forecast is the Medicare prescription-drug benefit, which will cost taxpayers trillions of dollars over the next 30 years, and whose long-term unfunded liability the CBO calculates to be infinite.

This burst of government spending in future decades will come at a heavy economic price. A 2004 analysis by the American Council for Capital Formation discovered a strong negative correlation between government spending and economic performance in industrialized nations. The accompanying table summarizes the findings.

MORE GOVERNMENT, LESS GROWTH

GOVERNMENT SHARE OF GDP IN 1999	AVERAGE ANNUAL ECONOMIC GROWTH RATE 1990–2001
33% or less	5.2%
34% to 43%	2.6%
44% or higher	2.2%

SOURCE: AMERICAN COUNCIL FOR CAPITAL FORMATION

The nations of New Europe, like Latvia and Estonia, understand firsthand the corrosive effects of socialism, and have turned a cold shoulder to its seductive policies. Instead, they are privatizing government assets (including their pension programs), adopting flat taxes, deregulating key industries, and dismantling unaffordable welfare-state programs. They are rejecting the policies of the European Union and adopting the American economic model of laissez faire at precisely the time we are turning away from that model. If we hope to avoid the road to serfdom, we'll have to make Hayek required reading in Congress.

—STEPHEN MOORE

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Putin's Russia—Stalin Lite

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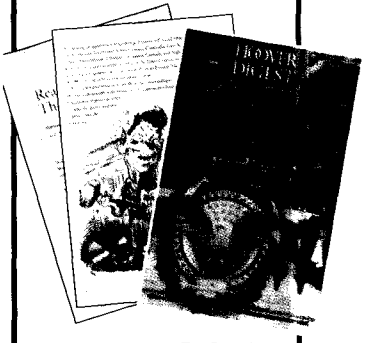

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World democratic opinion has yet to realize the alarming implications of President Vladimir Putin's State of the Union speech on April 25, 2005, in which he said that the collapse of the Soviet Union represented the "greatest geopolitical catastrophe of the century." What this former KGB officer is saying is that it would have been better for the world if a totalitarian dictatorship, one that in the seven decades of its existence was responsible for the deaths of tens of millions of Russians and other peoples or their imprisonment in a Gulag slave labor system, were still to exist. Just imagine if German chancellor Gerhard Schroeder were to announce that the fall of the Third Reich was the "greatest geopolitical catastrophe of the century."

The more I see and read about Mr. Putin, in power since 1999, and his "managed democracy," the more apprehensive I become about the future of Russia and the safety of its neighbors. If Putin believes that the dissolution of the Soviet Union into fifteen independent states represents the "greatest geopolitical catastrophe of the century," then it follows that Putin might well believe he should do something to repair the loss occasioned by his predecessors Boris Yeltsin and Mikhail Gorbachev. Millions of onetime Soviet citizens, including the beleaguered Chechen people, believe that they are better off today because of the "greatest geopolitical catastrophe of the century." But to Putin the end of the Soviet Union did not mean freedom for millions of Soviet-yoked people—for him it meant, and still means, catastrophe.

The thousand-year history of Russia has an underlying consistency. Although it has never been able to produce a genuine democracy, it has successfully produced imperialist tyrannies, czarist and Bolshevik. The very first czar, Ivan IV (1533–1584), crushed the power of rival dukes and boyars and became an emperor. During his reign, he tried to strengthen the state and the military, but his methods and acts were so horribly cruel that he was later called Ivan the Terrible.

It is time to put aside fanciful hopes about Putin as Russia's democrat-in-chief. The best single-phrase description of Putin is "Stalin lite." Thus it was understandable that Putin would celebrate the ninetieth birthday of Yuri V. Andropov, the merciless head of the KGB. The Andropov celebration last year did not create much notice. Yet there would have been hell to pay, even a half-century later, had the German government in 2000 celebrated the birth centenary of Heinrich Himmler, the remorseless head of the Nazi secret police, the Gestapo, and the SS and one of the architects of the Holocaust.

Putin endangers world peace: He has said he is ready to supply weapons to outlaw regimes. He has said he would provide short-range missiles to Syria and nuclear components to Iran. To fulfill such intentions would mean perhaps an even greater geopolitical catastrophe.

—Arnold Beichman

Arnold Beichman is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution.

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THE WEEK...

Bolton because "I'm worried about my kids and my grandchildren." Weighing the issues at stake, even the heart of Voinovich shuddered; the voice of Voinovich broke. Webster, Clay, Calhoun, all the ghosts of the Senate, took note. Their greatness receded a step, to make way for Voinovich.

■ Remember Eason Jordan? He was the top CNN executive who resigned in February amid controversy over remarks in which he accused U.S. troops of targeting journalists in Iraq. Before quitting, Jordan, who had no evidence to support his charge, backed away from his comments and made several attempts at damage control, all to no avail. Now another important media figure is in the same spot. Speaking May 13 at the left-wing National Conference for Media Reform, Linda Foley, president of the Newspaper Guild, said, "Journalists, by the way, are not just being targeted verbally or politically. They are also being targeted for real, in places like Iraq." So far, Foley seems to be faring better than Jordan. Few big newspapers have even mentioned her remarks. Nor have they paid any attention to the rather astonishing "clarification" she made after being asked by the trade publication *Editor & Publisher* whether she "believed U.S. troops had targeted journalists in Iraq." "I was careful of not saying troops, I said U.S. military," Foley answered. Huh? At first Foley's remarks were simply slanderous. Now they're incomprehensible.

■ The media have been desperate to declare the *Newsweek* Koran-flushing story "fake but accurate." FBI documents cite one detainee complaining that a Koran was flushed down a toilet in 2002. But in a new interview a few weeks ago the detainee said he didn't witness any abuse of the Koran. Most of the Koran allegations are on the order of urban legends, passed along by the detainees. The military has found five instances—two of them likely accidental—in which the Koran was mishandled, all dating from before January 2003, when strict guidelines were promulgated for handling the book. None involve any flushing. The *Newsweek* story belongs in that less paradoxical category, "fake and inaccurate."

■ Multiple choice: The "Gulag of our times" is a) Chinese labor camps; b) Castro's dungeons; or c) North Korean prisons. Amnesty International has an answer: d) none of the above. Their 2005 report on human rights compares the American detention facility at Guantanamo Bay to the notorious Soviet penal colonies. It also accuses U.S. leaders of war crimes, and the executive director of Amnesty International USA wants foreign governments to seize and prosecute American leaders traveling abroad. Amnesty is apparently of one mind with the International Committee of the Red Cross, an inspector of which, while visiting a U.S. detention center in Iraq, said, "You people are no better than and no different than the Nazi concentration camp guards." (Remember that statement next time you hear someone mocking Bush's desire for moral clarity.) It may be pointless to respond to allegations so unhinged, but one should remember that the detainees in question are captured enemy combatants, and as such may be held until the cessation of hostilities; that approved U.S. interrogation techniques violate neither American law nor the U.N. Convention Against Torture; that cases of interrogators' going beyond approved limits—as at Abu Ghraib—are aberrations; and that these perpetrators have been swiftly punished. What the U.S. is guilty of is running afoul of Amnesty International and the Red Cross's political agenda.

■ The Air Force has requested, and President Bush will probably issue, a national-security directive on the military use of space. Space opens up new possibilities for missile defense, among other things: Space-based interceptors could target a missile during its slow ascent over enemy territory. The fact that we don't know exactly what the Air Force wants hasn't stopped the usual disciples of peace from bristling at it, whatever it is. Their squeamishness about "weaponizing" space is hard to understand. To begin with, space is already weaponized. What is a GPS satellite that guides a precision bomb to its target, if not a component of a weapon system? In any case, if North Korea or Iran launched a ballistic missile at us or one of our allies, that would pretty surely weaponize space. The question is whether we would be able to defend ourselves. Now is the time for the U.S. to channel its vast technological advantage toward a benevolent American domination of space. Doing so may not be popular, but it will make us—and the world—safer.

■ Lieutenant governor Michael Steele of Maryland is a red-blooded Republican in a true-blue state. He was elected as Gov. Robert Ehrlich's running mate in 2002, and his plan all along has been to seek reelection in 2006 and see whether greater things await him in the future. As it happens, they may be staring him in the face right now, in the form of a Senate seat currently held by the retiring Democrat Paul Sarbanes (first elected in 1976). Democrats are already lining up to succeed him, and the one man they desperately hope stays on the sidelines is Steele. He's smart, personable, and conservative. He's also black, which gives him a leg up among Maryland's many middle-class black voters. Any race he runs is bound to be hard—such are the facts of life for Maryland Republicans. But opportunities like this one don't present themselves often. Fitzgerald said that there are no second acts in American lives. Often in political lives there are no second chances.

■ This year's U.N. nonproliferation conference, a 189-nation diplomatic effort held every five years to update the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty, ended in failure. This is a shame, since if there was ever a critical time to tighten up the treaty and lay the groundwork for punishing its offenders, that time is now. For example, as nonproliferation expert Henry Sokolski has repeatedly pointed out, so long as it's widely held that NPT members have a right to enrich and reprocess uranium, such states as Iran can legally come within days of having a nuclear weapon. Moreover, states that withdraw from the treaty—as North Korea did with impunity in 2003 and as some fear Iran may one day do—still face no penalty. Neither issue was successfully addressed at Turtle Bay. Future negotiations between Britain, France, and the U.S. hold more promise, though any

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binding change to the NPT requires the (hardly guaranteed) support of China or Russia. The U.S. should take a leadership role. The treaty's problems will have to be confronted sooner or later if nuclear rogue states are to be stopped. The sooner the better.

■ It was a small but nonetheless important step in the struggle for liberty in the Middle East: Kuwait's parliament decided, by a vote of 35 to 23, to grant Kuwaiti women full political rights. The change confers long-sought-after recognition on Kuwait's well-educated and socially powerful female population, and grants them access to one of the country's most important political bodies. The Islamist parties, which opposed the measure, have tried to spin the vote as a victory: For one, the new law stipulates that women candidates must "abide by Islamic law," and some fear the Islamists will pressure women to vote as a bloc in their favor. The risk of Islamist groups' gaining power is probably inevitable in any transition to greater democracy in the Middle East. The challenge is to counter that risk by establishing institutions that guarantee freedoms and by working to change public opinion—as Kuwaiti women, to their credit, have already started and will continue to do.

■ Metaphors are tricky things, dangerous in the wrong hands. Which leads us to Indra Nooyi, president and CFO of PepsiCo. In an address to the graduating class of Columbia Business School, Ms. Nooyi spun out an elaborate metaphor contending that the nations of the world resemble the fingers of a hand, with the U.S. being—can you guess?—the middle finger. Explained the lady: "This is how the rest of the world looks at the U.S. right now. Not as part of the hand . . . but instead scratching our nose and sending a far different signal." Ah, the Ugly American! Blundering and insulting, the loose cannon among nations, stirring up strife and discord! We must be gentler, more sensitive—then they won't hate us so much! But who, actually, hates us? Not, presumably, the untold millions who watch our movies and buy our soft drinks. Foreigners could, if they wished, stop watching and stop buying. A lot of European and Third World intellectuals hate us, we know, because their brains are so addled with crackpot ideologies as to make them useless for employment in modern commerce. Who else hates us? Just a few guilt-crazed wealthy elites like . . . well, like the president and CFO of PepsiCo.

■ Italian journalist Oriana Fallaci called her latest book *The Strength of Reason*. But reason hasn't always prevailed in the reactions to her writing, particularly in Europe. In 2002, her fiery *The Rage and the Pride*—a polemic against violent Islam and the self-hating Europeans who abet it—spawned a lawsuit in France, where an anti-racist group petitioned to have the book banned for inciting hatred against Muslims. Now Fallaci has been ordered to stand trial in Italy on similar charges, for her more recent output. A Muslim activist has accused Fallaci of doing "her best to propagandize hatred against Islam and Muslims, distorting real historical facts and inventing others." As in 2002, however, it seems no one has bothered to actually refute Fallaci's claims. The case against her in France flopped, and this one may too. But its very existence speaks to the cowardice of those who would suppress speech, and truth, under the guise of promoting tolerance.

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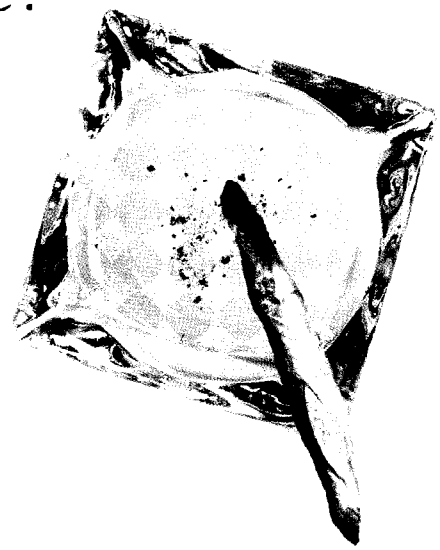

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THE WEEK...

■ October marks the 200th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar, where British national hero Horatio Nelson, commanding 27 ships, defeated a combined French and Spanish fleet of 33 ships off the coast of Spain. The British are holding a reenactment of the event in the Channel off Portsmouth, on England's south coast. However, the battling fleets will be identified only as Red and Blue. Said a spokesman for the Royal Navy: "This should not be a French-bashing opportunity." Perish the thought. Official literature for the event refers only to "an early 19th-century sea battle" instead of the Battle of Trafalgar. In related news, celebrations continue in London to commemorate the events of 60 years ago, when an episode of unpleasantness between certain countries and certain other countries was ended by mutual agreement among the countries concerned, all of whom it would be grossly insensitive to name.

■ If we accept the principle that making information more generally available to the public free of charge is a Good Thing, then Google's effort to digitize and place online all or part of the colossal holdings of major libraries must be counted as a Great Thing. Once completed, the project will allow visitors to view books not only in the public domain but in copyright as well (albeit to a restricted degree). This enterprise by a private American company—Google intends to make money by placing small ads on the pages—has, of course, provoked the mandarins of the European Union into the usual fits of anti-American paranoia. According to Jean-Noël Jeanneney, the conspiracy-minded president of the Bibliothèque Nationale de France, Google's idea "is the confirmation of the risk of crushing American domination in the definition of how future generations conceive the world." M. Jeanneney and his allies are consequently lobbying for EU money (of course) to establish a pan-European online index to counter Google's presumably Anglo-Saxon bias. The end result will surely be a worthwhile and enlightening one, but in inspiration and intent, the European project is deeply unpleasant.

■ Conspicuous consumption goes differently in different cultures. One aspect of the Chinese variety is the serving of shark's fin soup at wedding banquets and other celebrations. The soup tastes of next to nothing, but the fins are expensive, and that is apparently recommendation enough to Chinese diners. Also to the Disney company, which is planning to serve the delicacy at wedding banquets held in Hong Kong Disneyland when that facility opens in the territory this September. That decision has, however, put Disney in the soup with the world's environmentalist busybodies. Since not much else of a shark's body is tableworthy, the extracting of the fins involves some cruelty. (U.S. law forbids a ship's having a shark's fin onboard in U.S. waters unless the rest of the shark's carcass is also present.) So far Disney is standing firm, but the environmentalists may yet snatch victory from . . . well, you know. It would be easier to feel some sympathy for the sharks, though, if they didn't have that habit of eating *us* every chance they get.

■ Denmark was last in the news a few months ago when the nation claimed sovereignty over the North Pole. (On the argument that it is geologically part of Greenland, Danish territory since 1814.) Now we have further confirmation that things are getting a little out of hand in this sleepy Scandinavian backwater, once known to us only for the slightly creepy fairy tales of H. C. Andersen and the gloomy theology of S. Kierkegaard. Danish movie director Lars von Trier, at the Cannes Film Festival, was asked why his movies take an anti-American stance. He replied, "Bush is an a**hole. . . . So much in Denmark is American. We are a nation under influence. America fills about 60 percent of my brain. So, in fact, I am American. But I can't go there to vote and I can't change anything, because I am from a small country. So that is why I make films about America." Well, yes, so much in Denmark *is* American. Their freedom and national independence, for example, which wouldn't exist if the United States hadn't fought to rescue them 60 years ago. Hr. von Trier should beware the wrath of America aroused. Freedom pastry, anyone?

■ Britain has a special place in its collective memory for the bloodiest of its wars, World War One—still commonly referred to over there as "the Great War." Only a dozen or so veterans of that conflict still survive in Britain, and the passing of each one is now a news item. On May 16 there faded away Albert Marshall of the Essex Yeomanry, Britain's last Great War cavalryman, aged 108. Cavalry was the cherished hope of some British strategists in the war. If only, they argued, the lines of trench and wire could be broken through, allowing the horsemen to deploy in open country, the murderous stalemate on the Western Front could be ended. It never happened, though Trooper Marshall did participate in a saber charge against advancing German infantry. "It was cut and thrust at the gallop. They stood no chance." Astonishing that these veterans are still among us; melancholy to reflect on the shattering of their confident world; humbling to contemplate their courage amid unparalleled horror and destruction. "If ye break faith with us who die / We shall not sleep, though poppies grow / In Flanders fields."

■ Bad news from television land: The *Dennis Miller* show, on CNBC, was canceled. Miller is one of the most valuable

FRANCE VOTES *NON*

A constitution isn't what,
As summer nears, the French allot—
Nobody read the thing—much time.
Chirac tried everything from mime
To trotting out his Charles Boyer;
Though at a certain age, foreplay
Can be grotesque. It's sad, but (sigh)
Chirac's been hanging up to dry.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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performers we have: bright, informed, gifted, bold. He always had a little gonzo libertarianism in him, and was always a foe of PC. But after 9/11, he seemed a new man, or at least a completely resolved one. He supported the War on Terror, and supported President Bush—he knew what the stakes were. He lampooned the Left, in the way that the Right has always been lampooned, by big-time comedians. This took no little courage, for Hollywood is not kind to conservatives, or semi-conservatives (few as they are). And Miller almost certainly did himself no professional favors when he spoke his mind, and when he appeared with Bush on the '04 campaign trail. To his show, he would invite righties and lefties alike, gracious and fair to all. We take comfort in the knowledge that a man like that can't be kept down. He'll be back, somewhere, and we look forward to it.

CAPITOL HILL

Keeping the Deal

THE 14 senators—a "band of brothers, and sisters," Joe Lieberman called them—who cut a deal on judicial filibusters seemed to imagine that they had made history. They had pulled the Senate "back from a precipice," said John McCain. They had kept "the faith of the framers of our country," quoth Ben Nelson. And Robert Byrd breathlessly proclaimed, "We have kept the republic. . . . And I say thank God, thank God for this moment and for these colleagues of mine, thank you very much. Thank you." Was the Magna Carta announced with such fanfare?

The deal's authors may think that they have produced an accomplishment for the ages. We doubt it will last through this Congress. It was the type of compromise that papers over differences rather than resolves them. It is the nature of such compromises to be temporary.

What happens if Justice Sandra Day O'Connor retires and President Bush nominates a respected conservative justice to replace her? The Democrats who signed the deal committed to using filibusters only in "extraordinary circumstances." But "each signatory must use his or her own discretion and judgment in determining whether such circumstances exist."

Two Republican signatories, Lindsey Graham and Mike DeWine, have said that if they conclude that Democrats are abusing their discretion, they will join the bulk of their Republican colleagues in voting to forbid judicial filibusters. Whether this deal turns out to have been worth signing will depend on their making good on their stated resolve. If they are not willing to enforce the deal, Republicans will have lost significant leverage over Supreme Court confirmations. In return they will have only gotten Democrats to allow a vote on three appellate-court nominees. That would be less a deal than a surrender. (For a more positive view of this affair, please see Byron York's piece, page 17.)

But have the Republican signatories thought enforcement through? Would they be willing to accuse their brothers and sisters of bad faith should it come to that? To give up the media praise for their allegedly heroic bipartisanship?

Moreover, the deal will give the Democratic signatories a spurious claim to high-minded nonpartisanship. They will be able to say that allowing votes on the three appellate nominees proved how reasonable they are—and that their objection to Bush's Supreme Court nominee should therefore carry more weight. That claim will not have merit, since the alternative to their allowing the votes was their losing the ability to filibuster altogether. But it is entirely predictable that the claim will be made and taken seriously, and that this will further inhibit the Republican signatories from demanding that the Democrats adhere to the spirit of the deal.

A final reason for worry is related to the dealmakers' florid rhetoric. They appear to have regarded the ending of Democratic abuse of the filibuster as a cataclysmic event. Assuming they believed what they said, will the Republicans have any more willingness to end abusive filibusters next time around? Conservatives should keep a careful eye on the answer.

EUROPE

No Means No

THE post-postmodernist French novelist Michel Houellebecq was doing book publicity in Los Angeles when he learned of France's "No" vote on the proposed Euro-constitution. "I am very surprised because normally the French are cowards," he said. Whatever the French showed, bravery or perversity, they showed it in spades, giving the "No" side 55 percent of the vote in a 70 percent turnout. France's vote, which the Dutch are expected to reinforce as we go to press, should doom this version of the Euro-constitution.

The French noes acted from decidedly mixed motives. In America, the Klan and the Communist party could meet in an Econolodge. In France, far Right and far Left represent considerable political forces, which opposed the Euro-constitution. More generally, French noes feared greater integration would weaken their cherished welfare state. Centuries of glory, idealism, and hubris have come to this—protectionism for French farmers, and a guaranteed summer vacation. Many French noes, finally, feared that a unitary Europe, soon to include Turkey, would see an even greater flood of Muslim immigration. But the problem of Europe's unassimilated Muslim minorities will remain, whether the nation-state survives or not.

Every nation must choose its own destiny. Some choose well and flourish, others choose badly and suffer. The European constitution bucks the currents of the late 20th and early 21st centuries by proposing to remove choice yet further from responsible electorates and repose it in an insulated mandarinate. The Eurocrats greeted the French vote with characteristic arrogance and obtuseness. European Commission president José Manuel Barroso declared, "We cannot say that the treaty is dead," even though it requires the unanimous consent of the European Union's 25 members. Why is it still alive? Because, as EU president Jean-Claude Juncker explained, "If at the end of

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Like a picked flower cut from the source, we gradually wilt physically and mentally and become vulnerable to a host of degenerative diseases, that we simply weren't susceptible to in our early adult years.

Modern medical science now regards aging as a disease that is treatable and preventable and that "aging", the disease, is actually a compilation of various diseases and pathologies, from everything, like a rise in blood glucose and pressure to diabetes, skin wrinkling and so on. All of these aging symptoms can be stopped and rolled back by maintaining Growth Hormone levels in the blood at the same levels HGH existed in the blood when we were 25 years old. There is a receptorsite in almost every cell in the human body for HGH, so its regenerative and healing effects are very comprehensive.

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the ratification process, we do not manage to solve the problems, the countries that would have said No, would have to ask themselves the question again." In other words, you peasants will keep voting until you vote right.

How different the Eurohacks are from the framers of the U.S. Constitution. They produced a document of seven bright articles, not the 448-clause Euro monster. Their handiwork was intensely and intelligently debated; the ratification struggle in New York produced the Federalist Papers. Perhaps most important, when the new Congress met in 1789, its first order of business was to ratify a Bill of Rights, the absence of which had been the main grievance of the constitution's opponents.

Our winners adopted the main cause of our losers. Europe's losers intend to ride roughshod over Europe's winners. Expect ugly times ahead.

PUBLIC POLICY

From the House, a Disgrace

THE House has voted—with the support of 50 Republicans—to subsidize stem-cell research that destroys human embryos. The bill now moves to the Senate. President Bush has vowed to veto it if it reaches his desk. On the merits, it shouldn't get that far.

The search for cures for diseases, or information that might someday lead to them, is obviously a worthy endeavor. But research, like all fields of human activity, should follow ethical rules. Making taxpayers finance research that kills human beings falls on the wrong side of the line.

Sen. Arlen Specter, the liberal Republican from Pennsylvania, argues that the research is ethically permissible, and worthy of subsidy, because "there are some 400,000 of these frozen embryos, which were created for in vitro fertilization, which are going to be thrown away" if not used for medical research—so why not derive some advantage from their demise?

That argument appeals to people's practical streaks, but it rests on a bit of sleight of hand. It is a way of assuming that human embryos are not human beings with rights without actually trying to establish that point. Anyone who takes seriously the idea that human beings in the embryonic stage of development have rights would find Specter's language jarringly inapposite. Nobody complains that death-row inmates and nursing-home residents are being "thrown away" since their organs are not being taken from them before their inevitable deaths. Specter's argument is also factually wrong, since the vast majority of embryos are not going to be "discarded anyway," but rather indefinitely frozen (often at their parents' request and expense)—a problematic situation, but not the same as death.

Specter also proposes an absurd standard to decide the question of when human life begins, saying, "This potential for life on these embryonic stem cells cannot begin to occur unless it's implanted back in a woman." Suppose scientists developed an artificial womb, capable of carrying a fetus to term. Would the resulting children lack the "potential for life" because they had never been "implanted back in a woman"? By Specter's standard, the answer is yes, and we would be free to harvest their organs. The debate over stem-cell research will set the stage for coming battles on cloning; and, given recent breakthroughs in cloning technology in South Korea, we should be careful about defining the "potential for life" as carelessly as Specter has done.

Those who favor embryonic-stem-cell research argue that America would lose its scientific and economic "edge" if the federal government did not subsidize this research. Our best researchers would move to other lands with more generous subsidies. An additional increment to GDP is not, however, worth making the government complicit in injustice. The competitiveness argument is also incompatible with the claim that by not subsidizing the research, we are throwing away possible cures for diseases. If those cures are found in other countries, then it stands to reason that Americans will have access to them.

President Bush, four years ago, said that the federal government would fund research on stem-cell lines that had already been taken from human embryos. But he also said that he would not encourage the taking of human life by funding research involving the destruction of human embryos after that time. Bush's critics say that this funding is inadequate, even though hundreds of shipments of stem-cell lines have gone out to researchers. The critics say that these lines are "contaminated" because they were developed with mouse feeder cells and therefore cannot be used in clinical trials on humans. This is incorrect (although Reuters reported it as fact). Mouse feeder cells have been involved in the development of FDA-approved drugs and devices for humans before. Besides, several lines developed without mouse feeder cells are eligible for funding under Bush's policy.

But even if the critics were correct about these points, it would not establish that the policy should be expanded. The killing of human beings, in the embryonic or any other stage of development, should not be an acceptable research practice. It should be prohibited, not subsidized.

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notes & asides

■ **WFB's remarks at a party for *Growing Up Guggenheim*, by Peter Lawson-Johnston, May 26, 2005**

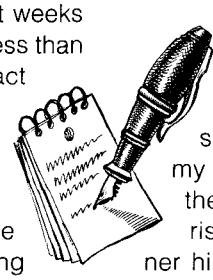
We are here to celebrate a book and its author. The safest way to taxonomize Peter Lawson-Johnston is to say simply that he is related to—everybody. But that a particular grandfather, who began a particular accumulation of art, and a particular cousin, who designated Peter to take charge of the hugest private collection of art in the world, are the central characters in the book, *Growing Up Guggenheim*.

This chronicle of a museum that seems to add branches every year is a joy to read and a wonder to contemplate. It is, moreover, a volume that is beautifully produced by ISI Books, which specializes in productions of enduring importance, and gives us here not only the story behind them, but also pictures from the Guggenheim museums in New York, in Venice, in Berlin, in Bilbao, and in Las Vegas. The concatenation of acuity, capitalist insight, and artistic foresight that gave us the Guggenheim collection is best captured by an episode in this book, where Great-grandmother Guggenheim reproaches her twelve-year-old daughter for extravagance when she brought home a painting for which she had paid $5 from her monthly allowance. It was an oil by Vincent van Gogh.

Most people know Peter as the organizational brain behind the great artistic complex celebrated in his book. I know him as a friend, with whom I once traveled.

* * *

I have had the good fortune of being with Peter Lawson-Johnston in many settings, august and playful. Together we listened to Mrs. Thatcher in 1989 in her office at Number Ten, explaining to us the virtues of a free society and a free market and advising us of the importance of the special relationship between her country and ours. We were at a great castle in Budapest, where we were counseled to remember that Buda and Pest were two ancient and separate cities. So well instructed was Peter that the next morning at the hotel he demanded to know whether he had awakened in Buda or in Pest. Together we flew to Moscow and there we stared incredulous listening to Mr. Arbatov, the head of the Soviet Institute on the U.S. and Canada, whose fidelity to Marxist orthodoxy had effected his survival through numerous purges. What did he tell us that afternoon? That one problem Moscow was having was an excess of—Karl Marx! That night at dinner with the American ambassador in Spaso House, Mr. Matlock told us that there was no shortage of food in Russia, a shortage only of an infrastructure that could bring the ample harvests to hungry people. The learned ambassador didn't predict that the Berlin Wall was actually going to come down in eight weeks but what he told us made it less than the great surprise when in fact it did come down. Peter and I could look at each other and say: Waal, we sort of guessed it.



At the end of the journey we were in Rome. We spent a long afternoon being briefed by our ambassador to the Vatican who told us solemnly of solemn things. We scheduled a final dinner, a kind of celebration of our seven-country tour. The pedagogical ambassador was our guest and when dessert was brought in, had reached in his recitation of Church history just the 16th century. That was the moment I shan't ever forget. Peter Lawson-Johnston became, in a matter of seconds, a great comic figure. His voice was halfway between David Letterman and Johnny Carson, and he gave his 20 companions, soon hysterical with laughter, a rundown of his memories of our ten days together. You will see in his book that he refers demurely to the interest aroused in his grandfather in "non-objective art." Peter Lawson-Johnston gave us a non-objective account of political, geographical, economic, diplomatic, and theological lessons we had learned together.

I liked him before that evening in Rome. Ever since then I have loved him, a friend of profound, even unique capacity for conviviality. A gentleman of the old school, with the spirit of the young boy who attended Lawrenceville, not so many years before he became chairman of the board of trustees of Lawrenceville; going on to the University of Virginia, where for all we know, he taught a course in the nature of distinctive American hospitality.

I noted on reading this book something he never divulged to me. It is that an early assignment was as a journalist, the yachting editor for the *Baltimore Sun*. I can imagine him there, poring over the vicissitudes of the yachting world, the better to enlighten the readers of Mencken's old paper. He kept this chapter of his life from me, until this book came out—for fear I'd ask him to sail with me one night in my little sloop. He would not wish to risk such massive retaliation at my hands for his friendship over the years, but I'd run even the risk of his displeasure to corner him, a glass of wine in hand, the candles lighted in their stained-glass receptacles, a little very objective music sounding from the tape machine, and I'd say then, "Peter, tell us what you remembered, that night in Rome, about our trip in Europe."

You will I know enjoy this book. It is, simply, the latest accomplishment of this Guggenheim, and it pays to reflect that ISI has produced it for only a few dollars more than it cost, in the early days, for a Guggenheim to buy a van Gogh.

Peter, I congratulate you and ISI for a fine production.

—WFB

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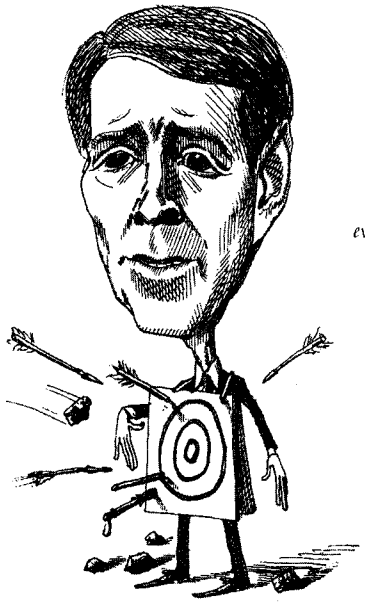

Though Frist seems to be everyone's target, he's really a winner.

■ CAPITOL HILL ■

Dr. Frist's Operation

How the Senate majority leader played a game of filibuster chicken

BYRON YORK

On the morning after a group of 14 senators made a deal to end the standoff over Democratic filibusters of Bush judicial nominees, Senate majority leader Bill Frist found himself taking flak from all sides. Depending on who was speaking, Frist had wimped out, was unable to control his troops, or could not muster the support to trigger the "nuclear option" to put an end to the filibuster problem entirely.

And that was just from conservatives. Other commentators said Frist had lost the leadership of the Senate to John McCain. Still others argued that he could not do his job while entertaining hopes of becoming the GOP presidential nominee in 2008. The *Los Angeles Times* suggested he resign.

All in all, it was a tough period for the majority leader. But did he really deserve all the criticism? Republicans came out of the filibuster showdown with six previously filibustered nominees headed for confirmation, and, perhaps more important, in a strong position ultimately to break all the Democratic judicial filibusters, should it come to that. And much of the credit for that, according to interviews with several people closely involved in the fight, belongs to Bill Frist.

Frist's entire strategy rested on one key decision: his commitment to use the nuclear, or, as he prefers to call it, the constitutional option. Once Frist decided that, unless Democrats backed down from their filibusters, he would exercise the option—a parliamentary maneuver that would allow him to cut through the filibusters with a simple majority vote—every threat he made was a credible one. When he said he intended to act, he meant it, and his determination became the force that drove events.

There seems little doubt that Democratic leader Harry Reid got the message. While Frist threatened, Reid made a series of successively more accommodating offers of compromise. At first, when it was not fully clear that Frist was committed to going ahead with the constitutional option, Reid tried to settle the conflict by offering to drop his party's opposition to a group of three Michigan nominees to the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals. It wasn't a serious offer; Democrats had never opposed any of the three on ideological grounds and were instead blocking them at the behest of Sen. Carl Levin, who remains angry to this day that two Clinton nominees from Michigan, one of them related to Levin by marriage, were not confirmed by the Republican Senate. Democrats were probably going to abandon their position anyway, so why not, some reasoned, offer the Michigan judges as a bargaining chip to Frist?

Frist rejected the offer. Then Reid became a bit more serious, coming back with a new proposal: Frist could have the three Michigan nominees plus one of the three most "controversial" Bush nominees, Priscilla Owen, Janice Rogers Brown, or William Pryor.

Frist again said no and continued preparing for the nuclear showdown. Then Reid came back again, offering the three Michigan nominees plus two from the controversial group. Once more, Frist refused.

As the days went by, Frist never moved from his position. When NATIONAL REVIEW asked a source close to the majority leader, "At some point, does it make sense to deal?" the source answered, "No. The leader is very adamant about this because [making a deal] would never solve the problem." And that was that.

By then, everyone, including Harry Reid, knew Frist intended to go nuclear. After days of talking, the Gang of 14, the so-called "moderates" who had appointed themselves to negotiate a settlement, realized they had to work quickly, because Frist would soon take action. So another offer came to the table: Democrats would give Frist the three Michigan nominees, plus Owen, plus Brown, and plus Pryor—all of the most controversial Bush choices.

Sources say that Frist was kept closely informed of everything that went on inside the negotiating room, but did not control events there. (In contrast, it appears that the deal-seeking Reid was fully involved in his senators' negotiations.) In the end, Democrats in the Gang of 14 agreed to filibuster future nominees only in "extraordinary circumstances" but left it to

ROMAN GENN

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themselves to decide what those circumstances would be. Republicans expressed reluctance to use the nuclear option but did not forswear it either. The GOP won a Democratic pledge not to filibuster the six judges, while the fate of four others was left undecided.

It was a clear win for Republicans, who gained up-or-down votes for their most fought-over judges while not conceding anything. But it did not "fix the problem" of filibusters, the necessity of which Frist's aides had asserted so often. And even as the deal was celebrated in the press—it was for a few days seen as a Democratic victory, until the extent of Democratic concessions finally set in—Frist was eager to make clear that it wasn't his doing. In response to an inquiry from NATIONAL REVIEW, a Frist aide sent a copy of an uncompromising statement Frist had made on the Senate floor, accompanied by a note that read, "This deal was not Senate leadership's capitulation. We didn't agree to it, and don't intend to acquiesce to the deal. . . . In short, we intend to continue to fight for up-or-down votes on each and every nominee."

Frist was saying as much himself. He made clear that he would continue to seek votes on each nominee, and he also made clear that he believed nothing at all would have happened without his threat to go nuclear. "Without the constitutional option, Priscilla Owen would never have come to a vote," Frist said. "Neither would any of the other nominees. . . . Without the constitutional option, the minority would have adhered to the path it was on and deal-brokers would have had no deal to broker. . . . If filibusters again erupt under circumstances other than extraordinary, we will put the constitutional option back on the table and will implement it."

And he will most likely have the votes to do it. After the Gang of 14's deal was announced, two GOP senators, Ohio's Mike DeWine and South Carolina's Lindsey Graham, made clear that they would vote to implement the nuclear option if Democrats resumed their filibusters. That would give Frist the 50 votes—plus Vice President Dick Cheney's tiebreaker—that he needs to make it happen. (Graham's offer came after he found himself under withering criticism back home for joining with Democrats in the compromise; "The calls won't quit, and they're almost all against Lindsey," the head of the South Carolina GOP told the *State* newspaper.)

Meanwhile, as Frist reiterated his determination to win votes for all of Bush's nominees, Reid was almost desperately trying to rid himself of the issue. "I think we should just move on," Reid said to Frist on the Senate floor. "Filibusters don't happen very often. I think we should move beyond this and get the business of the country done. Let's not talk about the nuclear option anymore. Let the Senate work its will. Let's get over this. . . . Let's just move on and not talk about this anymore."

Fat chance. Reid quickly found that Frist was in no mood to move on to other issues when the majority leader immediately moved to confirm the judges covered in the agreement. In the end, his threat to go nuclear had forced Democrats to give in, exactly as planned. The situation reminded Republicans of the late 1970s, when Democratic senator Robert Byrd, then the majority leader, had used the same threat to force the GOP opposition to surrender. "If you look back at history and how these things have played out, it always ended up this way," says one Republican not closely allied with Frist, "meaning that the other side caved, and that's basically what happened here."

In addition, Frist kept working because he knew the battle was about more than just Owen, or Brown, or Pryor. It was about the next Supreme Court nomination, widely assumed to be coming sometime this year. How the Senate stalemate was resolved would determine what kind of judge George W. Bush could nominate. Would it be a judge who could be confirmed with a simple majority vote—the standard that has prevailed in the Senate for more than 200 years—or would it be a judge who would have to win 60 votes to survive a Democratic filibuster? That could mean the difference between a Clarence Thomas and a David Souter.

Frist is preparing for the former, not the latter. "We have set the stage," says the Republican who is not in Frist's inner circle, "for President Bush to nominate a 51-vote Supreme Court justice, as opposed to a 60-vote Supreme Court justice." That is what the filibuster fight was, and is, about. And, at least for now, it appears that Bill Frist is winning. **NR**

■ **EUROPE**

Not the Answer They Expected

French voters say no to the EU constitution

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

IT is ironic, as the saying goes, that it should be the French who provoked the latest Euro-crisis by decisively rejecting the European constitution in a referendum. The constitution is essentially a French document, written by former French president Valery Giscard d'Estaing in line with France's vision of Europe, and it had the virtually unanimous support of the country's media and political elite. What's more, it offered the French voters their best chance of saving the high-cost welfare state and regulated economy that they apparently thought they were protecting by voting no. It would have imposed similar if slightly less onerous costs and regulations across the continent, gradually evening out the differences between France's 28 percent addition to an employer's labor costs and Britain's modest 9 percent. But this struck the French as an impermissible level of free-market "ultra-liberalism," an evil equivalent to the Communism of the last century, as President Chirac recently reminded them. They accordingly voted against this "Anglo-Saxon" heresy with more enthusiasm and less discernment than Chirac had hoped.

Whatever their level of information, however, French voters clearly believed they were protecting their national interest and character. The referendum result was, among other things, an expression of French patriotism, as until now support for European integration has been. Almost alone in Europe, the French have seen the European Union as an extension of themselves—France writ large and thus able to continue playing a glorious

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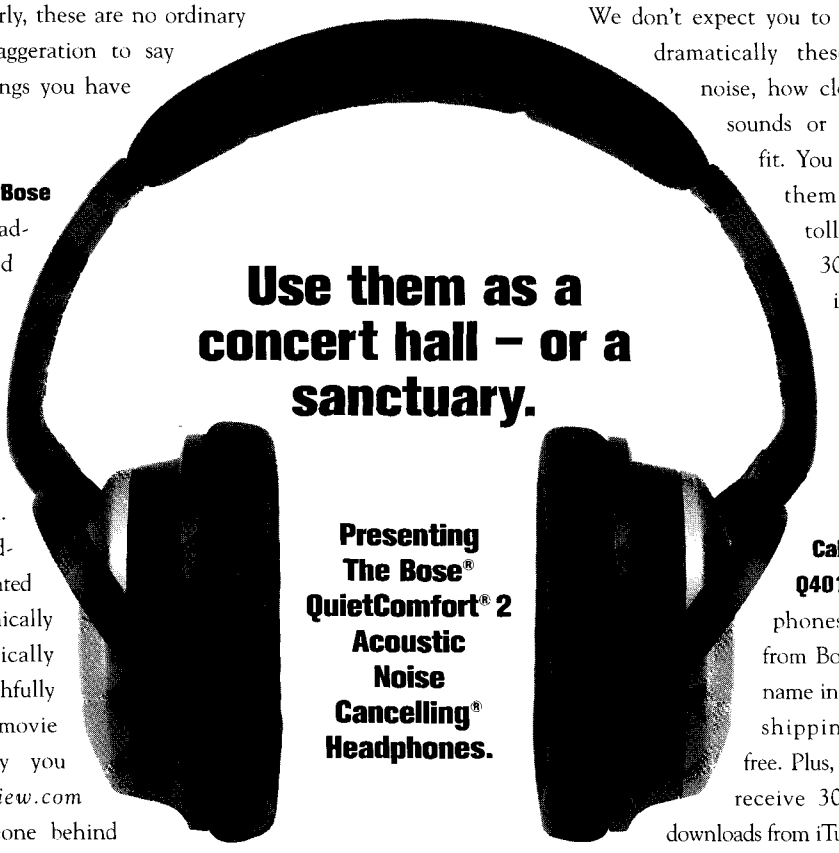

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role on the world stage. Once doubts were sown on this score, however erroneously and doubtless temporarily, the French rejected the project.

There is, indeed, an inverse relationship across Europe between national self-confidence and European-mindedness. Euro-skepticism is strongest in Britain, Scandinavia, and Switzerland—and, in its special way, France—where people are proud of their national traditions and institutions. Europhilia is strongest in the countries that are ashamed of their recent past and find it difficult to express a normal patriotism, notably Germany and Italy. And the countries of Eastern Europe and the Baltics occupy a curious middle ground. The desire to "join Europe" was initially a near-universal expression of their anti-Soviet sentiment. But the EU's intrusions on their newfound sovereignty have since proved increasingly irksome even to pro-European governments.

Hence it is less surprising than many suppose that Holland is likely to join the Euro-skeptic camp by voting no in its own referendum, taking place as this article goes to press. True, the Dutch are founding members of the EU. But they are also proud of their particular national history, and they are emerging disillusioned and with a renewed sense of national identity from a failed 40-year experiment in multiculturalism and "open door" immigration. Indeed, a Dutch political theorist predicted a convincing victory for the noes on the basis of a model showing that voting no correlates closely with opposition to immigration—and, less closely, with economic pessimism and hostility to the existing government. All three factors, especially the first, are present in Holland.

Has the French vote, then, doomed the Euro-constitution? Legally it must be ratified by all 25 member states. One national refusal is supposed to defeat it. The French example, if it has any wider effect, is likely to stimulate "No" votes in the 14 countries remaining to ratify after Holland—and in particular those countries that are scheduled to hold popular referendums. The "objective" conditions in these countries are hardly conducive to voting yes.

Writing in the London *Times*, Anatole Kaletsky, a liberal-minded but fiercely independent commentator, suggests that there are two broad underlying explanations for popular rejection of the Euro-constitution. The first, alluded to above, is "the idea of any unified constitution that attempts to impose a single system of government on the whole of Europe and purports to harmonize away the political philosophies, economic preferences, and social traditions developed in different nations over hundreds of years." The second explanation, to which Kaletsky himself adheres, is that European elites and their institutions have imposed economic stagnation on their societies: "Their living standards are falling, their pensions

'Non!'

are in danger, their children are jobless, and their national pride is turning into embarrassment and even shame." His prescription for these failures is a stimulative monetary policy in the short term and market economic reforms in the long.

That medicine may or may not be sensible from a purely economic standpoint. But it falls very short of meeting the urgent needs of Europe's politicians. Economic malaise is not incidental to the EU. Inter alia it is the result of institutions such as the European Central Bank and policies such as those advancing a European "social model." There is little sign that European elites are having second thoughts about these policies. And if they were, any reforms they might undertake would hardly produce a booming European economy by November 2006, the deadline for ratifying the constitution.

Even this understates the problem for Europe's elites, namely that both of Kaletsky's explanations are correct. The EU has always been an elite project with little if any democratic support. To a shameful extent, it has been imposed on national electorates by stealth and outright lies—for instance, the assertion that membership would involve no major loss of national sovereignty. This anti-democratic strategy has succeeded only because until 15 years ago voters had been sedated by prosperity and asked to make no sacrifices for "the European idea." Now that the cumulative effects of Europe's economic centralization are being felt, voters have also woken up to the political intrusions on their liberty and independence. Hence the rising tide of Euro-skepticism.

In the face of this, Europe's elites have stuck to their whips. An extraordinary succession of Euro-politicians have announced that the French "No" will not be allowed to obstruct the constitution's coming into effect. The Dutch governing party under Jan Peter Balkenende even stated that it would not accept a Dutch "No" in their advisory referendum unless at least 30 percent of those eligible turned out to vote and the No majority topped 55 percent. That reverses the traditional rule that a major constitutional change requires a two-thirds majority.

That said, Europe's elites have very little idea how to keep the constitution alive. Their immediate response has been to demand that the member states continue the process of ratification while they consider what to do next. But they will probably abandon that tactic if it looks to be producing further No votes. All other options are unpalatable as well. Continuing to run the EU under the existing Nice treaty would be unacceptable to France and Germany since it dilutes their voting strength. Starting an entirely new constitutional process would reopen too many compromises reached with the utmost difficulty. The most likely result is that the EU governments will seek to implement the constitution in installments—passing specific items, such as a full-scale European diplomatic service, under existing rules that require no ratification, referendums, or other democratic constraints. Even that strategy, however, is likely to meet with popular resistance from voters newly sensitized to Euro-authoritarianism.

In the protracted constitutional crisis likely to follow, there are political opportunities for the U.S. Though the Bush

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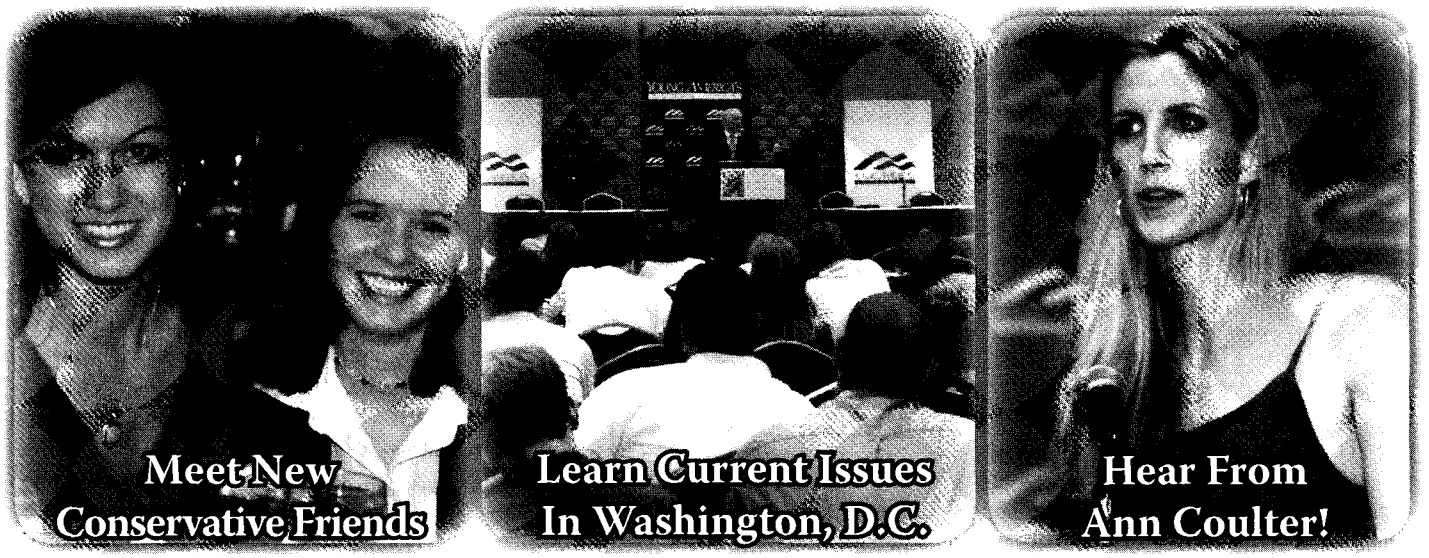

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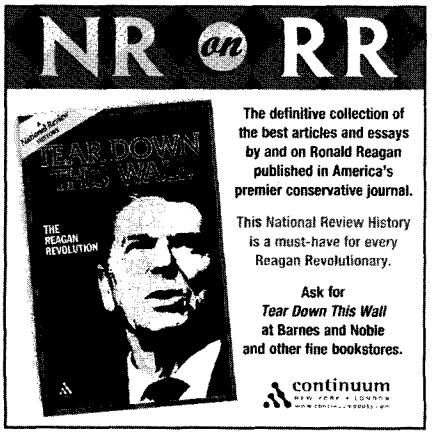
administration generally and Secretary of State Rice personally gave occasional support to the constitution now in peril, it would have been a serious setback for U.S. interests. These interests are a prosperous free-trade Europe, hospitable to U.S. trade and investment, and a reliable U.S. ally rather than a "counterweight" in diplomacy and military affairs. These concerns reflect the interests of EU member states such as Britain and the post-Communist democracies in promoting a more flexible and varied European Union—intergovernmental rather than supranational, reliant on tax and regulatory competition rather than on bureaucratic harmonization, and determined to keep NATO as the basis of its foreign and defense policies. Such flexibility would include allowing the French and Germans to form a more economically regulated and politically integrated European "core" in return for accepting the return of many now centralized powers from Brussels to national governments. And that in itself would be a major step toward restoring European democracy.

Not that the U.S. should campaign openly for such a Europe. We should certainly stop endorsing forms of European integration harmful to the U.S. Otherwise our public diplomacy should reiterate that the Euro-constitution is a European matter. At the same time we should make quietly clear to our closer European friends that we will give them support, encouragement, and rewards when they fight for the kind of Europe that is in their and America's interest.

Will we do so? That depends on whether U.S. diplomats are as alert as European voters to the real nature of the politicians' Europe. **NR**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■ **CANADA**

A Scandal So Immense . . .

Our neighbors to the north have been very, very naughty

DAVID FRUM

Mel Brooks once offered these succinct definitions of tragedy and comedy: "Tragedy is when I cut my finger. Comedy is when you fall down an open manhole."

By that definition, Canadian politics these days might seem very comical indeed. But I am counting on Americans to be less callous than the mordant Brooks—and to recognize that the events now occurring in Canada are serious, even sinister. There is though one warning I'd better immediately deliver to readers: Along with at least four other public commentators, I have recently been served with libel papers by a leading figure in this story. Because National Review is distributed in Canada, and therefore can potentially be reached by Canada's more restrictive libel law, I have to be a little circumspect in what I say here.

Two years ago, Canada's auditor-general discovered that the Liberal government in power since 1993 engaged in a massive scheme of diversion of taxpayer funds in the province of Quebec. Last year, an independent inquiry headed by Judge John Gomery began to investigate the diversion. At least $250 million (Canadian) and perhaps as much as $350 million passed through the particular government program at the center of the scandal. Some of that money ended up in the pockets of influential Liberals, allegedly including the brother of former prime minister Jean Chrétien. Some was kicked back to the Liberal party and its campaign workers. The Gomery inquiry has also revealed a disturbing nexus—that's a word to which no lawyer can object—between senior figures in the Liberal party and organized crime.

Nor is this the end of the Liberal scandals. Other and even larger government programs have also failed to account adequately for the money entrusted to them. It has been alleged that Chrétien pressured a government-owned bank to lend money to rescue a failing business in which he held an interest. Finally, some insiders have alleged that the current prime minister, Paul Martin, has been connected with other important abuses of power for the benefit of private individuals—and it is these allegations that have led to the recent flurry of libel actions from the prime minister's office.

Paul Martin has always benefited immensely from his reputation as the Mr. Clean of the Liberal party. Unlike Chrétien, a rough-talking populist, Martin was born to privilege. His father just missed the prime ministership in the 1960s. Young Paul was plucked by one of Canada's wealthiest men, Paul Desmarais, to run Canada Steamship Lines—and ended up owning most of the company. Martin entered politics in 1988; he lost the Liberal leadership to Chrétien in 1990, but became finance minister, eliminating Canada's chronic budget deficits by restraining federal spending and imposing harsh tax increases on Canada's middle class. At the end of twelve years of Chrétien/Martin government, the after-tax, after-inflation income of the average family stood exactly where it had when the government took office: a dismal record unparalleled since the Depression. In 1990, the average Canadian worker took home about 90 cents for every dollar taken home by the average American. Today the average Canadian takes home about 75 cents.

And yet in 2003, when Martin at last succeeded in becoming prime minister, it was widely believed that a new era of competence and integrity had arrived. As if to demonstrate his confidence in his innocence, Martin established the Gomery inquiry—and immediately called an election. Some cynics have suggested that Martin was racing against the clock, hoping to win a majority before any of Gomery's findings became public. If so, the plan nearly succeeded. Martin convinced many Canadians to differentiate between his new Liberals and the

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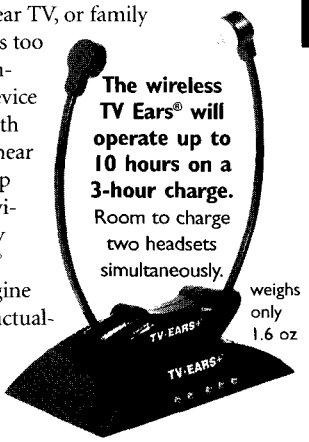

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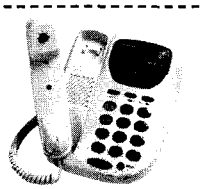

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tainted group around Chrétien. He won enough seats to form a seemingly stable government.

Then Judge Gomery took his hearings onto cable TV. Night after night, Canadians heard firsthand stories of tens of thousands of dollars in cash left in envelopes on restaurant tables, of alleged Mafia figures giving orders to party chairmen, of kickbacks, bribes, and fraud. The opposition Conservatives and Bloc Québécois announced that they would vote together to defeat the Martin government and force a summer election. And now the great tragicomedy began. Martin needed 154 votes to defeat the non-confidence motion. He had 132. He needed 22 more. Where could he get them?

First he did a deal with Canada's socialist New Democrats (NDP), allowing them to rewrite his spring budget, canceling $3.4 billion in tax cuts and adding $4.6 billion in extra spending in exchange for their 19 votes. That left him three short. There were three independent MPs in the House. One would surely vote with the government, one just as surely against. Two short. That third independent MP had a grievance against Conservative leader Stephen Harper; count him probably pro-government. That left Martin one short. What to do?

The first thing he had to do was trample on Canada's constitutional traditions. The parliamentary calendar normally provides for "opposition days," when the opposition party can bring forward motions. Knowing that Harper would move non-confidence in the government—and that the government lacked the votes to prevail—Martin canceled all the opposition days scheduled for May and June. At the same time, Martin halted all government business, because any government motion before the House could be voted down.

So far, Martin was playing rough—but still playing legal. Then, on May 10, the opposition parties found a loose bit of business on the calendar and amended it to demand that the government resign. They won that vote 153–150—but Martin declared that he regarded the vote as purely procedural and therefore non-binding. Next the opposition parties began defeating government motions to adjourn. In a Westminster-style parliament, the power to control adjournment is essential to control of the House. For that reason, adjournment motions have traditionally been regarded as confidence motions. Between May 11 and May 15, the Liberals lost three of them. But Martin pressed on. More time, he insisted, was essential: He would call an election after Gomery reported—in December, or possibly in January or March 2006—but certainly not now, no matter how many votes he lost.

How to explain the seemingly bizarre attachment of Central Canada to a government that has raised their taxes, reduced their standard of living, and been detected in scandal after scandal?

And then Canadians learned the reason why: Over the period that the Martin government had been losing vote after vote in the House, it had been secretly negotiating with the disappointed loser of the Conservative party's 2004 leadership contest, Belinda Stronach, the billionaire heiress to an auto-parts and land-development fortune. Stronach, a glamorous twice-divorced thirty-something and onetime close friend of Bill Clinton, had been carrying on a very public affair with a handsome fellow-member of the Conservative caucus, Peter MacKay. On the evening of Monday, May 16, Stronach had dinner at the prime minister's house in Ottawa and accepted an appointment to his cabinet. Later that night, she telephoned MacKay and broke the news to him that she was deserting both him and the party.

The following day, Stronach gave a stirring statement about the convictions that had obliged her to turn her coat. Those who had followed her rather dizzy personal style were impressed to learn of the existence of these convictions, which proved to track neatly the editorial policies of Canada's major news media. Some skeptics attributed Stronach's change of heart to four other causes: a) a growing realization that she was unlikely ever to be chosen as Conservative leader; b) the allurements of an immediate cabinet office; c) some discreetly whispered hints that a woman like herself was exactly the right kind of person to help "renew" the Liberal party after Martin went to his well-earned retirement; and d) her anger and surprise at being dressed down by Harper for criticizing him to the national media.

Whatever the motive, she switched—and Martin's government won a fifth and presumably final vote in the House. Soon afterward, the Liberals won a by-election in Labrador to fill a vacancy and expanded their margin in the House by another vote. With two Conservatives seriously ill and unable to spend much time in Ottawa, the Martin government could again count on a little breathing room, at least so long as the NDP stayed bought. True, the day after the Stronach maneuver another Conservative MP came forward with an audiotape in which somebody who sounded very much like the prime minister's chief of staff seemed to offer the MP something that sounded very like a personal benefit—a consulship or perhaps a seat in Canada's appointed senate—in exchange for his vote. If such an offer had been made, it would arguably constitute an illegal bribe.

And yet the voters seem to have shrugged the whole matter off. Since the Stronach episode, the Martin government has risen in the polls, especially in the all-important province of Ontario. NR's Mark Steyn has bitterly quipped that Paul Martin could be captured on DVD spending $20 million of taxpayer money on cocaine and rent boys—and the polls for Ontario would still say Liberals 37, Conservatives 34. How to explain this seemingly bizarre attachment of Central Canada to a government that has raised their taxes, reduced their standard of living, and been detected in scandal after scandal? There is no short answer, but the following five together probably contain most of the truth.

First, as Peter Brimelow argued in his 1986 book *The Patriot Game*, the Westminster system of government has never sat well on Canada's vast territory. The English cut off the head of Charles I for attempting to govern without Parliament, but English-speaking Canadians increasingly see Canada's activist Su-

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preme Court, not Parliament, as the guardian of cherished freedoms. And as political scientist Ted Morton observes, the Liberals are the Court party.

Second, most of those involved in the scandals have been Quebec politicians. It has been easy for English-speaking Canadians to shrug off the scandals as no concern of theirs.

Third, because the Bloc Québécois joined with the Conservatives to vote against Martin, the Liberals have been able to condemn any opposition to their power as tainted by separatism. Never mind that it is the Liberals' own corruption that has revived Quebec separatism after a long period of dormancy: Like Mexico's PRI, the Liberals preen as the party of nationhood no matter how much damage they do to the nation.

Fourth, there is no getting around the fact that the newly reunited Conservative party has not yet connected either emotionally or substantively with the Ontario majority. Canada is a less religious country than the U.S., less economically individualist, and much more isolationist. That political landscape poses special challenges for a center-right party that wants to open Canada's economy, reduce taxes, restore relations with the U.S., and emphasize democratic self-government rather than judicial power.

Fifth, and most paradoxically, the harm the Liberals have done to the Canadian economy has profited them politically. The 1990s were a harsh decade for many Canadian families. Only in the past couple of years have they enjoyed any kind of sustained improvement in their after-tax living standards. Bruised by this experience, Canadians have come to see any change as overwhelmingly likely to be change for the worse.

And yet, the final assessment cannot be all pessimism. The true character of Martin and his government has been exposed. The long-fractious Conservatives have been united by anger at the Stronach defection. The Liberal-NDP governing coalition is unstable. Any hope that the Liberals might once have entertained of stifling the Gomery inquiry is gone for good. Martin is committed to accepting an election no later than next spring. If this is comedy, we'll see who laughs last. **NR**

■ **CULTURE WATCH**

Looking for Boundaries

There is gross sexual confusion in our society, as illustrated by the Michael Jackson case

THEODORE DALRYMPLE

If you put "Michael Jackson trial" into an Internet search engine, you get links to approximately 5,110,000 web pages. If you put in "Mao Zedong," you get about 509,000; "Lenin" comes up with 2,770,000. Thus the trial of a show-business celebrity appears to interest the world more than the lives and careers of the two framers of the most disastrous revolutions in world history.

The case is a surpassingly sordid one, of course, and the accused bizarre beyond belief. His celebrity and wealth have allowed him to indulge his whims to such an extent that the most egotistical Roman emperors, by comparison, seem models of psychological stability. And whether innocent or guilty, Michael Jackson is certainly the Nero of kitsch.

That does not mean, however, that the family of his accuser is a model of bourgeois propriety. At the very least, entrusting a minor to the care of a man of Mr. Jackson's reputation would seem a serious error of judgment, and raises questions as to the motives of those who would make such an error. But whatever the eventual outcome of the trial, the case will be of considerable interest to social historians seeking, a hundred years hence, to understand the psyche of the late 20th and early 21st centuries.

Those future historians (assuming that an interest in the past survives) will be struck, I suspect, by the confusion in our society concerning sexual boundaries. On one hand, almost no sexual display is forbidden, and the most casual of liaisons is perfectly normal; on the other, university professors dare not be alone in a closed room with a female student for fear of accusations of sexual misdemeanor, and in some offices the most mildly flirtatious of remarks is taken as little short of rape. Extreme licentiousness thus coexists with a Puritanism that out-Calvins Calvin. One minute we are told that anything goes, and the next that we must carefully censor ourselves for fear of permanently traumatizing anyone who might overhear supposedly salacious remarks. At last, Herbert Marcuse's concept of repressive tolerance seems to make some sense: We can do what we like so long as we live in fear.

This is not our only confusion about sexual boundaries, of course. Our society is extremely condemnatory of the crimes of which Jackson is accused—he faces a prison sentence of 20 years, far more than he'd get for many other offenses—and yet it sexualizes children earlier and earlier in their lives, with sex education starting almost before they know anything else. Part of this education entails the ethical proposition that no sexual activity between consenting people is wrong or to be condemned, and we bombard children with materials that suggest that a lack of sexual experience by the age of twelve is a failure and a failing; and yet we affect to believe also that premature sexual activity has a permanently adverse effect, being ultimately responsible for all sorts of maladaptations and miseries later in life.

In Britain, the only operation on a child under 16 that a parent does not have the right to be consulted or notified about is abortion. Under new legislation, parents can be made responsible for the crimes and misdemeanors of their children, and if the child persistently truants from school, the parents (or, more usually, the single parent) can be sent to prison. Yet a doctor is virtually prohibited from informing the parents if he prescribes oral contraceptives to their daughter when she is 14 years old. Only the sexual behavior of their children is not within the responsibility of parents; and, oddly enough, confidential prescribing of contraceptives has done nothing to reduce the rate of teenage pregnancy in Britain—quite the contrary.

At the same time, sexual relations under the age of 16 remain a criminal offense. In

Dr. Dalrymple, the Dietrich Weissman fellow of the Manhattan Institute, is a prison psychiatrist in Britain, and the author most recently of *Our Culture, What's Left of It: The Mandarins and the Masses.*

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other words, British doctors not only do, but must, as a matter of professional principle, conspire in what the law still considers sexual crime. Since it is an undoubted fact, and no doubt part of the problem, that children mature sexually much earlier than they once did—the age of puberty has declined by about a year every decade for several decades—there could, I suppose, be a rational case for reducing the age of consent, but no one makes it for fear of being labeled a pedophile. Instead, parents, like doctors, connive at the commission of sexual offenses. Whenever I have seen men imprisoned for having sexual relations with a girl under the age of consent, I have discovered that, de facto, they are being punished not for having sex with such a girl, but for refusing to continue to have sex with her. She or her parents then (and only then) report to the police, not as a matter of principle but of revenge, the law in such cases being used as nothing but an instrument to obtain a satisfactory end to a lovers' tiff, or what theorists of narrative are inclined to call "closure."

There is, in fact, a deep-seated problem about not only sexual but all behavioral boundaries in modern societies. While most of us who think about such matters at all accept that boundaries are socially desirable or necessary, we also demand that they be rational, that is to say have a justification derived from the very constitution of things. Unfortunately, nature does not often oblige with such boundaries: Continua are more common in nature than discrete breaks.

Children, for example, always have matured and always will mature, both physically and mentally, at different rates. At the age of 15, some will appear all but adult, while others will appear fit for the nursery. What is right and appropriate for one child, therefore, will not appear right and appropriate for another. It is true, nevertheless, that precocity is no longer a merely individual phenomenon, but one that occurs on a social scale: It often seems to me that adolescence is now reached very early in life, but then is never really left. And it is clear that everybody—every parent and, increasingly, every child—expects to define his own boundaries. Few are prepared any longer to accept in practice that a child of a certain age may not indulge in sexual intercourse simply because the law forbids it.

On the contrary, people compare the demands imposed by the legal boundaries with their own particular situation. We all do it to an extent. What driver has not told himself in an area with a 30-mile-an-hour speed limit that a few extra miles an hour won't make any difference, given the road conditions? When the matter in hand is the age of consent, or some other legally prescribed sexual boundary, however, it is hardly surprising that moral chaos results. The question is not whether a rule is right, and therefore must be obeyed, but whether it is right for me, and can therefore be disobeyed. And the only person who can decide the question is, not surprisingly, me.

Each person is left to decide whether his behavior will cause harm to himself or others, and it is a fact of human nature that we can easily persuade ourselves of the harmlessness of what we want, or are already determined, to do. And conformity has in any case a bad name: It is a form of *lèse majesté* of the individual, and—ever since the end of the Second World War—carries the connotation of the feeble excuse offered by mass murderers, that they were only obeying orders. Not the least damage that Nazism did to the world was to destroy faith in the possibility of decent conventions that ought to be followed.

The Michael Jackson case has revealed a foul swamp of egotism, not just of Jackson alone, though he has hitherto enjoyed the means to live out his tasteless fantasies. The case is an example of what happens when individuals are left to define boundaries for themselves without the assistance of social convention. **NR**

Essential Reading.

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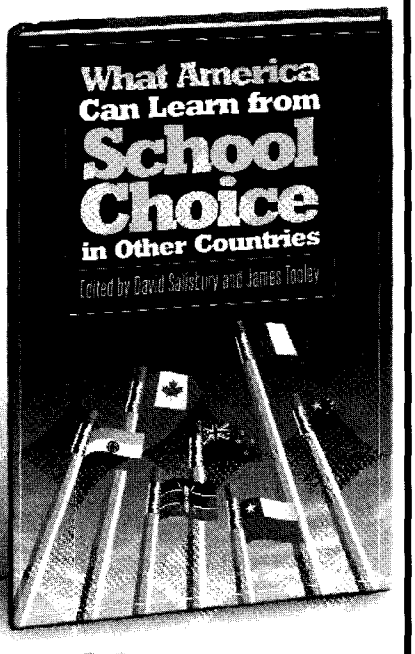

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■ COVER STORY

Matinee Mitt

The governor of Massachusetts may soon be appearing in a (political) theater near you

JOHN J. MILLER

ONE evening two summers ago, as the sun set and darkness spread over Lake Winnipesaukee, Mitt Romney noticed the lights from a boat drifting by. The governor of Massachusetts was vacationing at his home in New Hampshire. Suddenly, he heard screams coming from the water. Romney rushed to the shoreline, where one of his grown sons was squinting into the distance. "I think something's going on out there," he told his father. They hopped on WaveRunners and zipped to the scene of a sinking. "About a quarter of a mile out, we found maybe half a dozen people treading water," says Romney. The governor ferried them in, two by two. When the story hit the Boston papers, Democrats jeered. "Mitt Romney only chooses to run for office from Massachusetts—he doesn't vacation here," grumbled a spokeswoman for the state party. Apparently the official position of Massachusetts Democrats is to oppose water rescues.

Whatever the case, the incident highlighted a brutal fact about Romney's governorship: The man simply can't catch a break from Democrats, who occupy virtually every statewide office except his own and control roughly 85 percent of the Massachusetts legislature. They have made his tenure in this bluest of blue states a frustrating one, but one that nevertheless has attracted the attention of Republicans thinking about 2008. Romney is clearly interested in running for president. He won't say so, but Mike Murphy, a senior adviser to the governor, admits that Romney is "testing the waters." Looking ahead, the question is no longer whether Romney can catch a break from Democrats, but whether he can catch one from conservatives who possess an instinctive wariness of anything emanating from the land of Kennedy, Dukakis, and Kerry. Their skepticism is well warranted—but Romney also deserves a fair hearing from them as they search for a successor to President Bush. They may come to like the guy.

Willard Mitt Romney, 58 years old, was born into a prominent political family. His late father, George Romney, was the governor of Michigan in the 1960s—a Rockefeller Republican whose own presidential ambitions evaporated after a gaffe over the Vietnam War. (He described himself as a victim of "brainwashing.") The son got his first name from J. Willard Marriott, the hotel magnate and a friend of his father's. The middle name—the catchy one—comes from a relative who played for the Chicago Bears in the 1920s.

Romney looks like he could play quarterback—he's tall and trim—except that he's not nearly mean enough for the gridiron. The man exudes niceness, which is one of the qualities that make him an unusually good retail politician. He doesn't drink alcohol or coffee, smoke cigarettes, or swear—the closest thing to a curse word he'll ever utter is the adjective "bloomin'," as in, "Can you believe those bloomin' Democrats?" But he has to be really worked up before he'll say it. His one vice appears to be wolfing down a bowl of sugar-coated cereal just before bedtime. He calls this his "Jethro bowl."

That's a reference to a voracious character in *The Beverly Hillbillies*. Yet Romney's no rube. His standard stump speech—the one he delivers to Republican audiences outside Massachusetts—takes a swipe at liberal economist John Kenneth Galbraith and makes a reference to *The Wealth and Poverty of Nations*, a thick book by David S. Landes, a Harvard historian. Many governors don't have time for books, but when I ask Romney whether he has read any good ones lately, he pulls a copy of *Reagan: Man of Principle*, by John Harmer, from his bag. "I get driven everywhere now," he says. "That gives me a lot of time to read." Romney is also a fan of David McCullough's recent biography of John Adams. "He and Abigail Adams were the original Republicans," says the governor. "I respect them enormously, and I'm not just saying that because they're from Massachusetts."

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Black Listed Cancer Treatment Could Save Your Life

Baltimore, MD— As unbelievable as it seems the key to stopping many cancers has been around for over 30 years. Yet it has been banned. Blocked. And kept out of your medicine cabinet by the very agency designed to protect your health—the FDA.

In 1966, the senior oncologist at a prominent New York hospital rocked the medical world when he developed a serum that **"shrank cancer tumors in 45 minutes!"** 90 minutes later they were gone... Headlines hit every major paper around the world. Scientists and researchers applauded. Time and again this life saving treatment worked miracles, but the FDA ignored the research and hope he brought and shut him down.

You read that right. He was not only shut down—but also forced out of the country where others benefited from his discovery. That was 39 years ago. How many other treatments have they been allowed to hide? Just as in the case of Dr. Burton's miracle serum these too go unmentioned.

Two-Nutrient Cancer Breakthrough...

Decades ago, European research scientist Dr. Johanna Budwig, a six-time Nobel Award nominee, discovered a totally natural formula that not only protects against the development of cancer, but people all over the world who have been diagnosed with incurable cancer and sent home to die have actually benefited from her research—and now lead normal lives.

After 30 years of study, Dr. Budwig discovered that the blood of seriously ill cancer patients was deficient in certain substances and nutrients. Yet, healthy blood always contained these ingredients. It was the lack of these nutrients that allowed cancer cells to grow wild and out of control.

By simply eating a combination of two natural and delicious foods (found on page 134) not only can cancer be prevented—but in case after case it was actually healed! "Symptoms of cancer, liver dysfunction, and diabetes were completely alleviated." Remarkably, what Dr. Budwig discovered was a totally natural way for eradicating cancer.

However, when she went to publish these results so that everyone could benefit—**she was blocked by manufacturers with heavy financial stakes!** For over 10 years now her methods have proved effective—yet she is denied publication—blocked by the giants who don't want you to read her words.

What's more, the world is full of expert minds like Dr. Budwig who have pursued cancer remedies and come up with remarkable natural formulas and diets that work for hundreds and thousands of patients. *How to Fight Cancer & Win* author William Fischer has studied these methods and revealed their secrets for you—so that you or someone you love may be spared the horrors of conventional cancer treatments.

As early as 1947, Virginia Livingston, M.D., isolated a cancer-causing microbe. She noted that every cancer sample analyzed (whether human or other animal) contained it.

This microbe—a bacteria that is actually in each of us from birth to death—multiplies and promotes cancer when the immune system is weakened by disease, stress, or poor nutrition. Worst of all, the microbes secrete a special hormone protector that short-circuits our body's immune system—allowing the microbes to grow undetected for years. No wonder so many patients are riddled with cancer by the time it is detected. But there is hope even for them...

Six-time Nobel Nominee's Two-Nutrient Cancer Breakthrough Revealed

Turn to page 82 of *How to Fight Cancer & Win* for the delicious diet that can help stop the formation of cancer cells and shrink tumors.

They walked away from traditional cancer treatments...and were healed! Throughout the pages of *How to Fight Cancer & Win* you'll meet real people who were diagnosed with cancer—suffered through harsh conventional treatments—turned their backs on so called modern medicine—only to be miraculously healed by natural means! Here is just a sampling of what others have to say about the book.

"We purchased *How to Fight Cancer & Win*, and immediately my husband started following the recommended diet for his just diagnosed colon cancer. He refused the surgery that our doctors advised. Since following the regime recommended in the book he has had no problems at all, cancer-wise. If not cured, we believe the cancer has to be in remission."

—Thelma B.

"I bought *How to Fight Cancer & Win* and this has to be the greatest book I've ever read. I have had astounding results from the easy to understand knowledge found in this book. My whole life has improved drastically and I have done so much for many others. The information goes far beyond the health thinking of today."

—Hugh M.

"I can't find adequate words to describe my appreciation of your work in providing *How to Fight Cancer & Win*. You had to do an enormous amount of research to bring this vast and most important knowledge to your readers.

My doctor found two tumors on my prostate with a high P.S.A. He scheduled a time to surgically remove the prostate, but I canceled the appointment. Instead I went on the diet discussed in the book combined with another supplement. Over the months my P.S.A. has lowered until the last reading was one point two."

—Duncan M.

"In my 55 years as a Country Family Physician, I have never read a more 'down to earth,' practical resume of cancer prevention and treatments, than in this book. It needs to be studied worldwide for the prevention of cancer by all researchers who are looking for a cure."

—Edward S.,M.D.

"As a cancer patient who has been battling lymphatic cancer on and off for almost three years now, I was very pleased to stumble across *How to Fight Cancer & Win*. The book was inspiring, well-written and packed with useful information for any cancer patient looking to maximize his or her chances for recovery."

—Romany S.

"I've been incorporating Dr. Budwig's natural remedy into my diet and have told others about it. Your book is very informative and has information I've never heard about before (and I've read many books on the cancer and nutrition link). Thanks for the wonderful information."

—Molly G.

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Before becoming president, Adams lived in France as a diplomat. Romney also has spent time in France, on a foreign mission that is a rite of passage for Mormons. For two and a half years, he tried to spread his faith. He had a lot of doors slammed in his face. At one point, he was involved in a head-on car collision—the driver in the other vehicle was drunk—and French authorities said that he had been killed. Fortunately, the reports of his death were greatly exaggerated. Romney returned home and married Ann, his high-school sweetheart, when he was 22 and she was 19. Though he attended Stanford for two semesters, he transferred to Brigham Young University and became the valedictorian. The young couple then moved to Massachusetts, where Mitt earned degrees from Harvard's business and law schools. A successful career in venture capital followed, as Romney helped provide some of the financing for Domino's Pizza and Staples, the office-supply chain. He and Ann now have five grown children, all boys, as well as eight grandkids.

There's a storybook quality to all this, and Romney's own chiseled handsomeness only adds to the tale. "He has a lot of presence on television—a real gift for the tube," says Republican media consultant Alex Castellanos. "Politics is all about communications these days, so that's really important." The next time the casting director of a prime-time show needs to pick an actor to play the president, in fact, he could do a lot worse than Romney (especially if Fred Thompson isn't available). The governor certainly would pass a voice test. Ed Gillespie, the former chairman of the Republican National Committee, tells of going to a Red Sox game at Fenway Park with Romney last fall. "He has season tickets along the third-base line, and all through the game people were coming up and telling him that he was doing a great job," says Gillespie. During the seventh-inning stretch, Romney and the rest of the crowd stood to sing "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." "The man has a great singing voice, and it started to tick me off," jokes Gillespie. "I began to wonder whether there's *anything* he does badly."

The next time the casting director of a prime-time show needs to pick an actor to play the president, he could do a lot worse than Romney.

POLITICS

Well, there was that 1994 race for the Senate, when Romney took on a cause dear to conservatives everywhere and challenged Ted Kennedy. It was an uphill battle, but also an exciting time to run as a Republican. About a month before the election, polls showed Romney actually leading the liberal legend. Then reality set in: Kennedy's campaign woke up from its stupor and released a trumped-up but deadly ad on Romney's alleged business dealings. More outrageous were Kennedy's insinuations that Mormons were racists who shouldn't be allowed to hold public office. Kennedy ultimately bested Romney in a debate and cruised to a 17-point victory. The Romney defeat was one of the few GOP disappointments in a historic year for the party.

What was bad for Republicans was good for the Winter Olympics, however, because it made Romney available in 1999 to take over the troubled Salt Lake City Games, scheduled for 2002 but floundering beneath a bribery scandal and a debt of nearly $400 million. Romney turned the Games around, organizing a series of massive events that he has compared to putting on seven Super Bowls a day for 17 straight days. Like Peter Ueberroth before him, Romney became a minor celebrity. The public found him interesting not just because of his leadership skills but also because he was willing to let the cameras roll as he tried out the skeleton track in Park City. (The skeleton, a new Olympic sport, is basically a headfirst version of the luge.) "Mitt has done something in his life that's really saleable—turning the Olympics from a cesspool of corruption into a big success, and dealing with the post-9/11 security headache as well," says one veteran GOP operative.

The salesmanship certainly worked in Massachusetts. Just weeks after the Olympic torch was extinguished, Romney forced the state's incumbent Republican governor, Jane Swift, to step aside and make room for his candidacy. He spent more than $6 million of his own money on the contest against Democratic state treasurer Shannon O'Brien. Romney put the blunders of 1994 far behind him. He was a much improved candidate, seeming less like a businessman dabbling in politics than a politician with a business background. "He found a constituency in the exurbs of Boston," says Ken Mehlman, the chairman of the RNC (and President Bush's campaign manager last year). "That's a really important group of voters for Republicans, now and in the future."

One of the leading issues in Romney's race was abortion: O'Brien proposed changing state law to let 16-year-old girls end their pregnancies without parental consent. Romney took a different tack. "I promised that if elected, I'd call a truce—a moratorium, if you will," he says. "I vowed to veto any legislation that sought to change the existing rules." That may have made him operationally pro-choice—"I fully respect and will fully protect a woman's right to choose," he said during the campaign—but none of the major pro-abortion groups would have anything to do with him. Instead, they flocked to O'Brien. Romney wound up beating her by five points.

Romney's first priority as governor involved the budget. The state had to deal with a $3 billion deficit. This being "Taxachusetts," the Democrats' preferred option was entirely predictable. It was also unacceptable to Romney. "You don't create economic prosperity by raising taxes," he says. He cut some programs, combined others, and looked for savings everywhere he could. In the end, he was forced to boost fees for a variety of government services by more than $200 million. "I know it's kind of hard to distinguish between taxes and fees," he

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Aid to Israel

Does the U.S. get its money's worth?

Israel and Egypt are the two largest recipients of U.S. aid. For its"participation" in the Gulf War, Egypt was forgiven its indebtedness of $9 billion. Israel pays its bills. It receives $2.8 billion every year. Of that amount, $2.0 billion is for military aid and $0.8 billion for economic aid. It's fair to ask whether this is a good deal for the American taxpayer.

What are the facts?

The only democratic country in the Middle East. Israel is the only genuinely democratic state in the Middle East. It is committed to freedom and equality, and the rule of law. It embodies the fundamental values that are in tune with those of America and that America has traditionally supported. Israel's military and political importance in the Middle East and its strategic position stabilize the entire area, including the oil fields of the Persian Gulf. During the Cold War, it was America's indispensable rampart against the inroads and expansionist ambitions of the Soviet Union. It is now a western bulwark against the aggressive intents of Iran and other bellicose nations that threaten the interests of the United States. It is a most reliable partner in the promotion of Western strategic interests and in the stabilization of the Middle East. Over 20% of its budget goes for defense, compared to 7% in the U.S. and less than 1% in Japan. Israel has one of the best armies in the world. Its navy and air force are the major deterrent forces in the eastern Mediterranean.

> "American aid to Israel is a two-way street. Aid to Israelis America's greatest defense bargain."

Israel effectively secures NATO's southeastern flank, without having a single American soldier stationed in its territory. Still, the superb military installations, the air and sea lift capabilities, the equipment and food storage capacity, and the trained manpower to maintain and repair sophisticated U.S. equipment are instantly at hand in Israel. It is the only country in the area that makes itself available to the United States, in any contingency.

Only fraction of aid stays in Israel. By far the largest share remains with American defense contractors. Peter McPherson, former administrator of the Agency for International Development, estimated that every billion dollars of aid to Israel creates 60,000 to 70,000 jobs in the United States.

Compared to the $2.0 billion yearly military aid to Israel, the U.S. contributes more than $130 billion(!) every year to the defense of Europe and more than $30 billion to the defense of Japan, Korea, and the Far East. Over 300,000 U.S. troops are stationed with NATO and over 30,000 U.S. troops in the Far East. In contrast, not one single U.S. soldier needs to be stationed and put at risk in Israel. U.S. military analysts estimate that the U.S. would have to spend the equivalent of $150 billion a year in the Middle East to maintain a force equivalent to Israel's.

There are many other benefits that the U.S. military derives from Israel. Israel is the only country that has gained battlefield experience with U.S. weapons. This experience is immediately conveyed to the U.S. Enormous quantities of captured Soviet weapons and defense systems were turned over to the U.S. military for analysis. Israel, in the light of its experience, continually modifies U.S. weapons systems. For instance, Israeli scientists have made over 200 improvements in the F-15 alone and similar improvements, mostly in avionics, in later-generation planes. It would be more in line with reality if military aid to Israel were classified as part of the defense budget, rather than as "aid". Israel is truly America's unsinkable aircraft carrier in the Middle East. Former President Reagan put it well: "The fall of Iran has increased Israel's value as perhaps the only remaining strategic asset in the region on which the United States can fully rely." American aid to Israel is a two-way street. Aid to Israel is America's greatest defense bargain.

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says, "but we stayed away from broad-based fee increases such as driver's-license registrations." He says that balancing the budget without a tax hike has been his most significant accomplishment as governor. "We couldn't be happier with him," says Barbara Anderson of Citizens for Limited Taxation, the state's leading taxpayer group. Steve Adams of Boston's Pioneer Institute, a think tank, concurs: "Without Romney, we would have been slapped with a lot of new taxes."

TOUGH ISSUES

Despite this fiscal achievement, a pair of social issues has done far more to define Romney's governorship: gay marriage and embryonic-stem-cell research. On either matter, a good case can be made that Romney has fought harder for social conservatives than any other governor in America, and it is difficult to imagine his doing so in a more daunting political environment. "On marriage and cloning, he has provided aggressive leadership as a positive, pro-family governor," says Kris Mineau of the Massachusetts Family Institute. "On a scale of one to ten, I'd rank him an eight, and I'm a tough grader."

Gay marriage featured prominently in Romney's 2002 election because everybody knew the Massachusetts supreme court was poised to rule on the matter. From the start, Romney made it clear that he believes marriage should exist only between a man and a woman. When the court's decision came down, however, it said that the state constitution mandates gay marriages. So Romney began plotting a counterstrategy, seeking advice from former attorney general Edwin Meese as well as constitutional scholar Matthew Spalding of the Heritage Foundation. They zeroed in on an obscure law from 1913 that has the effect of voiding gay marriages conferred upon non-Massachusetts residents, and so Romney has used his administrative powers to prevent Boston from becoming a same-sex version of Las Vegas. Although this policy is now under legal assault, Romney has so far saved 49 other states from the judicial controversy afflicting his own.

In addition, he has tried to amend the state constitution, which is the only way to undo the court's ruling as opposed to merely limiting it. Under Massachusetts law, this is a complicated, multi-step process in which the governor plays no formal role. Romney, however, has used his bully pulpit to call for a total ban on gay marriage. The legislature complied, but only on an amendment that also permitted civil unions. Romney wasn't happy about this. He also had no alternative. "If I have to choose between gay marriages and civil unions," he says, "I'll choose civil unions every time." For this amendment to be fully adopted, the legislature must approve it one more time (which it may in fact refuse to do). If it clears this hurdle, it then will go before voters as a referendum. (In the meantime, Romney is also pushing for a federal constitutional amendment to protect marriage.) Whatever the outcome, there's no denying that Romney has pulled every lever within his reach to defend traditional marriage. "In the worst possible circumstances, he confronted one of the toughest issues of our politics with considerable moral seriousness and political skill," says Spalding. "That's the mark of a conservative statesman."

A number of conservatives also have cheered him on in his war with the state legislature over embryonic-stem-cell research, even though there are differences between his position and the one held by most pro-lifers. The issue first came up last fall, when Democrats offered a bill to permit the cloning of human embryos for scientific research. At a meeting in the governor's office, Harvard professor Douglas Melton described the science. "I felt uncomfortable," says Romney. "I thought of *Brave New World* or *The Matrix*, with hundreds of thousands of little lives being made and then being crushed." So Romney announced that he would not support a law that allowed the creation of human life for the purpose of destroying it. He used funds from his campaign account to make his case in radio ads. He did this even though his wife suffers from multiple sclerosis and arguably would benefit from the most aggressive stem-cell research conceivable.

Romney balanced the budget without a tax hike, but two social issues have far more defined his governorship: gay marriage and embryonic-stem-cell research.

Romney does part company with many of his allies, including the president, on an important detail: He would sanction research on "surplus" embryos produced during in-vitro fertilization—unwanted entities that may be discarded anyway. Despite this difference, which could recede as IVF techniques improve and "surplus" embryos become fewer, Romney has done his best to defend the culture of life on what is possibly the most inhospitable terrain in the country. Condemning "embryo farming" as he does is certainly no way to curry favor in Cambridge. Moreover, Romney appears to face a veto-proof majority on this matter. He chooses to fight because he knows that losing a certain kind of battle can be preferable to waving a white flag.

In the future, Romney may want to pick some battles he can win. Perhaps illegal immigration will be one of them, given its rising importance among grassroots conservatives. "I'm very much in favor of legal immigration and I'm opposed to illegal immigration," says Romney. "We're in a race for the best minds, and I wish we could bring in more of these people." Last year, the governor threatened to veto a bill that would have allowed illegal aliens to obtain driver's licenses, but the legislation never made it to his desk. He actually did veto a bill that would have given illegal aliens the right to in-state tuition at public universities. He hasn't taken a formal position on any of the federal immigration plans. "I'm against an amnesty and against anything that provides an incentive for people to come here illegally."

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A HIGHER OFFICE?

Sometime this fall, Romney will decide whether to run for reelection in 2006 or president in 2008. He most likely won't do both. If he aims high, he could become the most prominent governor (or recent ex-governor) in the GOP field—an important position to occupy, given that senators so rarely rise above their station in Washington. As Gillespie says, "Our party likes governors."

Romney has been plotting his moves for nearly a year, if not longer. He won a prominent speaking role at last summer's GOP convention, and used his time offstage to do things like invite the Iowa delegation to a private party aboard an aircraft carrier. "If he runs for president, he'll be a force to be reckoned with in the Iowa caucuses," says Larry McKibben, a state senator who met Romney in New York last year. McKibben was locked in a tight race, and Romney's Commonwealth PAC donated to his campaign. Romney also traveled to Iowa to rally Republicans. "We've given to 225 candidates and organizations in 17 states," says Trent Wisecup, who runs Commonwealth PAC.

This is how the foundations of a presidential campaign are laid, and Romney's maneuverings are anything but secret. It's gotten to the point where the governor can barely leave Massachusetts without pundits checking their 2008 calendars to see if he's bound for an early-primary state. There's nothing strange about Romney's visiting Michigan—his place of birth and home to many relatives—but even his trips there have become increasingly public. In March, he addressed a group of Republicans in Livonia. "Everybody thought he was presidential. Our donor community was really impressed," says Saul Anuzis, who heads the state party. "There were some questions about where he stands on social issues."

If Romney does declare for the White House, those questions will linger. Yet he's almost certain to run as an avowed pro-lifer. "My political philosophy is pro-life," he says now—a rhetorical construction that probably would not have escaped his lips when he was appealing to Massachusetts voters. "He's been a pro-life Mormon faking it as a pro-choice friendly," says adviser Murphy.

Can Romney succeed as an authentic pro-lifer? It will depend in large measure on who competes against him. Early signs suggest that the slot of pro-life purist is currently vacant. None of the top-tier 2008 contenders—George Allen, Bill Frist, Rudy Giuliani, and John McCain—fits the bill perfectly. (Jeb Bush might, but he says he's not running.) No matter what, though, Romney can expect to come under vigorous attack. When he spoke to Republicans in the Wolverine State, for instance, Gary Glenn of the American Family Association of Michigan circulated a letter condemning his alleged "support of legal abortion-on-demand." Romney can expect a lot more of this—it is perhaps a bigger problem for him than his Mormonism.

Which is not to say his faith won't be debated. In 1999, a Gallup survey discovered that although few Americans said they wouldn't vote for a Jewish candidate (6 percent) or a Catholic one (4 percent), 17 percent ruled out supporting a Mormon. Massachusetts Democrats have made sure voters know that the Mormon church didn't lift its ban on ordaining blacks until 1978, and that it still doesn't ordain women at all (which makes it no different, in this regard, from the Catholic church). In a GOP primary, the surrogates of other Republican candidates probably will emphasize Mormonism's doctrinal oddities, such as its claims about extra-Biblical revelation. There's no telling how this will play out, though one expert on evangelical politics suspects that it might amount to little. "I think evangelicals will put aside theological differences if they believe someone's on the right side of the culture war," says Michael Cromartie of the Ethics and Public Policy Center. "Voters will care more about what a candidate believes about gay marriage." It's even possible to think that Romney's Mormonism could become a hidden asset, giving him access both to funds from around the country and to votes in states such as Arizona (where many Mormons live).

There may not be much that Romney can do about his Mormonism, but there is a possible solution to his pro-life dilemma. Owing to its religious dimension, the right-to-life movement welcomes converts—it even celebrates them, as in the case of Norma McCorvey, the "Jane Roe" of *Roe* v. *Wade* fame. Ronald Reagan once liberalized California's abortion laws (to his later regret), though he never made anything like the categorical pro-choice promises of Romney. What Romney must do now is convince pro-lifers that his conversion is not born of convenience, but of conscience. He needs a performance akin to Abraham Lincoln's Cooper Union address in 1860. Whereas Lincoln had to demonstrate to sophisticated New Yorkers that he was no yahoo from the backwoods of Illinois, Romney will want to show the heartland that he's no moral relativist from the Northeast. It's a tall order, and it may be worth noting that George Romney's presidential candidacy sank when he tried to explain his shifting views on Vietnam (which were changing from pro-war to anti-war). But perhaps the son can succeed where the father failed.

There may not be much that Romney can do about his Mormonism, but there is a possible solution to his pro-life dilemma.

"Being a conservative Republican in Massachusetts is a bit like being a cattle rancher at a vegetarian convention," joked Romney in a speech to South Carolina Republicans in February—on Presidents' Day, as it happened. That may be true, but it's equally true that the time is fast approaching for Romney to convince the cattle ranchers that he's got the beef. If the governor-who-won't-cuss pulls it off, conservatives may find themselves embracing a slogan heard around Salt Lake City during the Olympics three years ago: "Mitt Happens." **NR**

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■ POLITICS

'Hypocrisy!' He Cried

An examination of a favorite charge

RAMESH PONNURU

> [I]t is galling to Democrats—48 percent of us who did not support the president—it is galling to be lectured to about moral values by folks who have their own problems. Hypocrisy is a value that I think has been embraced by the Republican party. We get lectured by people all day long about moral values by people who have their own moral shortcomings. I don't think we ought to give a whole lot of lectures to people—I think the Bible says something to the effect that, Be careful when you talk about the shortcomings of somebody else when you haven't removed the mote from your own eye. And I don't think we ought to be lectured to by Republicans who have got all these problems themselves. . . . Everybody has ethical shortcomings. We ought not to lecture each other about our ethical shortcomings. . . . I will use whatever position I have in order to root out hypocrisy.
>
> —Howard Dean, *Meet the Press*, May 22

DEAN, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, made so many provocative comments during his recent interview with Tim Russert that his comments about Republican hypocrisy attracted relatively little notice. Republicans were keen to point out that Dean had confused Osama bin Laden and Saddam Hussein. (Isn't that what Democrats accuse President Bush of doing?) Newspapers, to the extent they mentioned the above exchange at all, noted only that Dean, having been questioned by Russert about the propriety of "mimicking a drug-snorting Rush Limbaugh," had defended himself. That was the context in which Dean delivered the above soliloquy.

Now it would be easy to criticize these comments—and it would not be wrong. Immediately following his denunciation of Republicans for "lecturing" about "moral values," Dean explained that Democrats had moral values, too: "Our moral values, in contradiction to the Republicans', is we don't think kids ought to go to bed hungry at night. Our moral values say that people who work hard all their lives ought be able to retire with dignity." And on it went: There was Dean, lecturing about moral values, and in extravagant terms.

You could call that hypocritical, since Dean was failing to live up to a moral norm that he had (one minute before) made a big point of supporting, the norm that we should not lecture one another. But this temptation we should resist: The word "hypocrisy" is thrown around too easily in American political life. The search for hypocrisy in politics is generally misconceived, and in ways that tend to hurt conservatives more than liberals.

Real hypocrisy is a thing to be avoided. We should all, public figures included, strive for an alignment of our moral beliefs, actions, and words, at least to the extent those beliefs are sound. The hypocrite has traditionally drawn opprobrium because of his unfairness and his deceitfulness. He is unfair because he condemns others for behaving the same way he does. He is deceitful because he professes beliefs that he does not truly hold. The fact that his actions do not match his words provides evidence that he does not believe what he has said.

This view of hypocrisy closes off two modern uses of the word. The first describes as "hypocrisy" what is merely inconsistency. The online magazine *Slate* recently called President Bush a hypocrite for opposing embryonic-stem-cell research while supporting the death penalty: Bush says that researchers should not take life to save life, but says that the legal system should. Now even if *Slate*'s argument were valid, all it would have identified is a failure on Bush's part to think his principles through and to apply them consistently. If we are going to allow for the possibility that people can sincerely hold multiple views that are logically incompatible with each other—if, that is, we are going to apply our moral judgments to actually existing, which is to say imperfectly logical, people—then we have to refrain from calling every such instance hypocritical. Otherwise we will gratuitously turn disagreements into accusations. (Those of us who are journalists will also produce a lot of trivial commentary, since the identification of an inconsistency does not tell us how to resolve it.)

So we should refrain from calling Dean's performance on *Meet the Press* hypocritical. His stated views on moral lecturing are, as far as we can tell, sincere. He really does believe that he is against it. He just hasn't thought very hard about what this principle entails.

FLATTENING THE MORAL LANDSCAPE

The inflation of inconsistency into hypocrisy is both less troubling and less partisan in its implications than a second misuse of the hypocrisy accusation. The traditional view of hypocrisy made allowance for the garden-variety sinner: His words and his beliefs may line up, but his actions fall short of them. The current view of hypocrisy makes no such allowance in practice. Any gap between words and actions is taken not to be merely evidence toward the verdict of hypocrisy, but to be the thing itself; and the words are judged at least as harshly as the actions. A subtle shift from integrity to authenticity has been made.

What makes this change more consequential is that journalists have adopted this view of hypocrisy and made it a standard for their coverage. The result is to tilt the political field against those who speak up for moral standards in public. A surefire way for a public figure not to be judged a hypocrite, and thus a good way for him to keep his moral lapses out of the papers, is not to uphold moral standards in public. (Betraying your vices does not run the same risk. When Hugh Hefner briefly decamped from the Playboy Mansion because it was not a good

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environment for his children, nobody called him a hypocrite.)

Liberals can sometimes run afoul of these standards. The columnist who promotes gun control but then shoots a trespasser; the actor who talks a good game about conservation but flies on a private jet; the editor who supports affirmative action in theory but has yet to meet a black job applicant he considers sufficiently qualified: Such people become figures of fun for conservatives. But inevitably it is conservatives who will get the most hostile coverage for their hypocrisy.

Two years ago, William Bennett, the author of the *Book of Virtues*, was revealed to be a high-stakes gambler. It was his supposed hypocrisy that reporter Joshua Green invoked in the *Washington Monthly* to portray his story as legitimate news rather than the tabloid gossip it might otherwise have appeared to be. *Salon* justified its revelations of Henry Hyde's past adulteries the same way in 1998. Right after the last presidential election, some liberals made a blanket indictment of red-state voters: They may have told exit pollsters they care about "moral values," but they had high divorce rates and enjoyed watching *Desperate Housewives*.

The charge of hypocrisy figured, too, in the strange saga of James Guckert. Under the name Jeff Gannon, Guckert reported for a conservative website and asked pro-Bush questions at White House press conferences; on other websites, he had advertised his services as a gay prostitute. Some bloggers who pursued the story attempted to justify their work on the theory that Guckert had written "anti-gay" stories—and was thus a hypocrite. The mayor of Spokane, Washington, was tagged as a hypocrite for being "anti-gay" while also being secretly gay. A handful of "anti-gay" congressmen have been "outed" on the same basis.

In some of these cases, it is the superfluity of the hypocrisy standard that demonstrates its hold on the modern, and especially the modern journalistic, mind. The mayor of Spokane allegedly offered an internship to someone he believed to be an 18-year-old male in exchange for sex, and allegedly sexually abused a sixth-grade boy years ago. Violations of the social order that extreme deserve coverage regardless of the official's views on public policy. Gannon/Guckert's employment history might also have been considered newsworthy in itself, given that it involved routine lawbreaking.

These episodes also show how the search for hypocrisy tends to flatten the moral landscape. Take those red-state voters' viewing habits. What's hypocritical about them? Is there a straight line from opposing abortion and same-sex marriage to opposing trashy entertainments? Or take the cases in which "anti-gay" figures have been outed. The example of the Spokane mayor was pretty flagrant: He didn't think that public schools should hire gay schoolteachers. (Maybe he thought they were all like him.) But activists have outed congressmen for much lesser offenses: Their votes against hate-crimes laws and anti-discrimination laws have been cited to justify making their private lives public. Yet a gay libertarian could adopt both stances with a clear conscience. The assumption is that on all issues touching on homosexuality, there is an easily identifiable "pro-gay" and "anti-gay" side. (Gannon's sin was merely to have supported an "anti-gay" president.) This assumption is kindred in spirit to the assumption that red-state voters are remiss if they fail to be caricatures of their type.

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A HYPOCRITE UNDER EVERY BED?

When we think about hypocritical politicians, probably what comes to mind is a "family values" conservative who turns out to be an adulterer. But even this ideal case for hypocrisy deserves some scrutiny. All politicians, whether they are socially liberal or conservative, claim to support marriage and "family values." No politician says that he favors adultery. Nor is there any public-policy distinction between the parties on adultery. So what is the justification for judging an adulterous conservative more harshly than an adulterous liberal?

In the Bennett gambling case, liberals showed they were willing to go quite far in contriving arguments for weighing conservatives' sins more heavily. This was not a case where a man had denounced gambling and then participated in it. The critics allowed that Bennett had not criticized gambling; they treated his failure to criticize it as an additional example of his hypocrisy. He had condemned many vices and, supposedly, had deliberately kept his own off the list. But as Jonah Goldberg pointed out at the time, Bennett's behavior—his gambling and his silence regarding gambling—was consistent with the theory that he sincerely regarded gambling as a morally neutral act (at least until the scandal forced him to reconsider the issue).

Other critics took more sophisticated tacks. They argued that Bennett had condemned casual drug users for setting a bad example for people prone to drug addiction. Yet here he was setting a bad example for people prone to gambling away their life's savings. Hypocrisy! Or: Bennett had extolled the virtue of moderation, but gambled immoderately. Or: Bennett had opposed treating other people's moral choices as private, yet was guilty of private immorality himself.

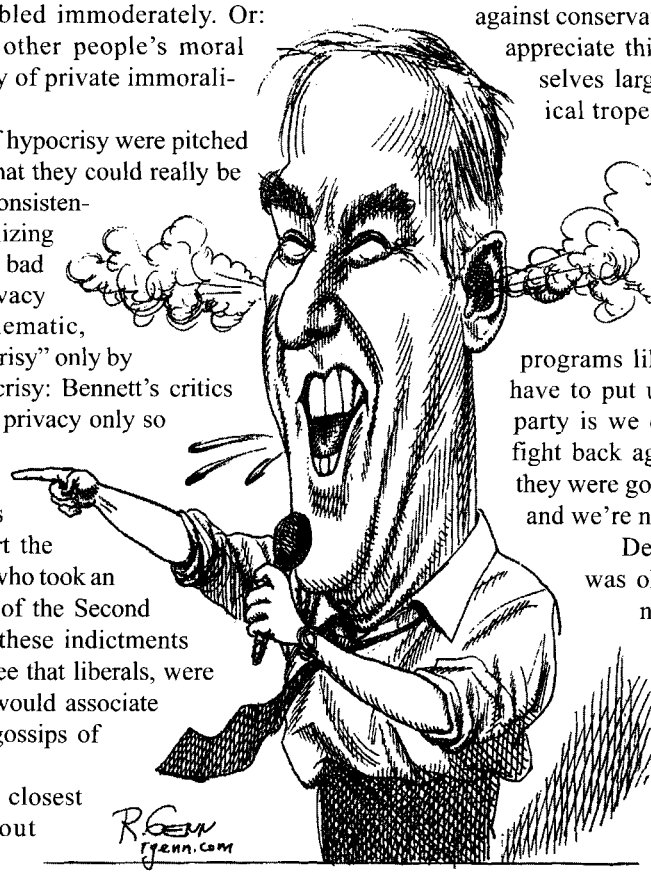
All of these attempted proofs of hypocrisy were pitched at so high a level of abstraction that they could really be considered only arguments for inconsistency with a dollop of spurious moralizing thrown on top: No one established bad faith on Bennett's part. The privacy argument was especially problematic, since it attempted to prove "hypocrisy" only by means of an equal counter-hypocrisy: Bennett's critics were saying that people deserved privacy only so long as they supported a liberal view of the right to privacy. What kind of principle is that? It's as though the NRA were to support the right to bear arms only for people who took an oath to support its interpretation of the Second Amendment. And every one of these indictments was delivered with the kind of glee that liberals, were they to see it in a conservative, would associate with the small-town scolds and gossips of yesteryear.

Joshua Green may have come closest to what bothered liberals about Bennett in his *Washington Monthly* article on the gambling. He wrote, "Democrats in particular object to his partisan sermonizing, which portrays liberals as inherently less moral than conservatives." Green did not cite any examples of Bennett's having actually portrayed liberals this way. No doubt social conservatives can often come across like this, even though they have many excellent reasons to avoid doing so. But there is also no doubt that many social liberals read such sentiments into social conservatism even when they are not present. For that matter, Hillary Rodham Clinton sometimes implies that conservatives are bad people. Yet while Senator Clinton's privacy has often been violated, nobody has taken her sometimes-Manichaean rhetoric as a warrant to forage through her private life looking for evidence that she falls short of moral perfection.

These days, much liberal argument seems to lead up to rulings that certain people don't have standing to make arguments on various issues at all. These rulings are never ideologically neutral. People who have not served in the military are, for example, held to be disqualified from arguing for military intervention. They are "chickenhawks" (a specific kind of hypocrite). Anyone can take a pacifist line. Feminists sometimes suggest that men have no right to oppose abortion, although their opinions are welcome when they are supportive. People whose policy views derive from religious beliefs—or are similar to the beliefs of such people—are told that those views are inadmissible. The hunt for hypocrisy is of a piece with these censoring impulses.

Hypocrisy is now not so much a vice with a determinate meaning, in other words, as it is a political weapon to use against conservatives. Because conservatives do not appreciate this truth, they have rendered themselves largely powerless against this rhetorical trope. They should listen more closely to Howard Dean, whose tirade against hypocrisy, right after he explained why Democrats' morals were superior to Republicans', ended thus: "Frankly, my moral values are offended by some of the things I hear on programs like *Rush Limbaugh*, and we don't have to put up with that. Our problem in this party is we didn't stand up early enough and fight back against folks like that who thought they were going to push us around and bully us, and we're not going to do it anymore."

Dean, remember, began by saying it was okay to belittle Limbaugh's weaknesses because of the radio host's "hypocrisy." He ended by saying that it was okay to go after Limbaugh personally because Limbaugh offends liberals and liberals "don't have to put up with" him. If Dean didn't notice the movement of his argument, maybe it's because he didn't have to travel very far. **NR**



ROMAN GENN

Howard Dean

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■ THE MIDDLE EAST

The Agony of Change

A conference in Jordan, plus an interview with the Iraqi foreign minister

JAY NORDLINGER

The Dead Sea, Jordan

THE WORLD ECONOMIC FORUM usually meets in Davos, Switzerland, but they have left the Alps to meet in the lowest place on earth: the Dead Sea. They hold a three-day conference here, focused on the Middle East. They first held such a conference in 2003, shortly after the U.S. invasion of Iraq. They wanted to "seize the moment," and that is, in fact, the motto of Davos-in-Jordan: "Seizing the moment."

On the first day, there is a panel on Iraq, featuring three participants in the new democracy: the foreign minister, Hoshyar Zebari; the speaker of the parliament, Hajim al-Hassani; and the governor of the Central Bank, Sinan al-Shabibi. Zebari is a former Kurdish militant, and he has sometimes been electrifying on the world scene. At the U.N. a year and a half ago, he told off that body memorably: "The United Nations as an organization failed to help rescue the Iraqi people from a murderous tyranny that lasted over 35 years. Today we are unearthing thousands of victims in horrifying testament to that failure." Talk about speaking truth to power.

Zebari leads off the panel by giving a speech: He notes that it has been only eleven months since the U.S. transferred sovereignty to the Iraqis themselves, "and we are not an occupied nation, but an emerging democracy." On January 30, "millions of citizens defied death" to cast their ballots, and people are "hungry for democratic progress." Unfortunately—and outrageously—"the insurgency has persisted." What are "Saddamists and foreign fighters" doing? They are trying to "foment civil war, undermine the new government, and spread terror," for the purpose of "destroying our vision." But the Iraqi people "will not have their future dictated by the atrocities of an extreme few."

The foreign minister cautions that his country is "not yet ready to be self-reliant." But "the faster we can build our military and security capacity, the sooner the multinational forces can go home." A free, self-governed Iraq is realizable, and is, in fact, taking shape before our eyes: It is not "an intangible ideal."

We then hear from Hassani, the parliamentary speaker. He begins by saying that he agrees with Zebari on every point, except one: "And we can disagree. This is the new Iraq, a democracy!" (The disputed point is this: Zebari has said that Sunnis, regrettably, chose not to participate in the Iraqi elections; Hassani argues that they had no choice, given the violence in their areas.) Hassani, like other Iraqis, asks for patience, as national pioneers go about the hard work of "building a new republic."

As for Shabibi, the central banker, he speaks of "moving from a war economy to a peace economy, from a command economy to a market economy, from a highly centralized system to a federalized one." He comports himself with the sobriety you might expect from a central banker.

Then it is the turn of a non-Iraqi, Lakhdar Brahimi. An Algerian and longtime U.N. official, he may be said to represent the Old Guard of Arab politics, an elite whose world is now uncertain. Brahimi starts in on Iraq, elaborating its failings. He takes care to talk about "our Iraqi brothers," but his annoyance at them is obvious: They have upset the regional apple cart, making it tough for the Old Guard.

About the insurgency in Iraq, Brahimi says, "There is no doubt that there are foreign elements." And "there is no doubt that there are some acts of terrorism: What else do you call bombing a mosque, or targeting an imam?" But—and you knew there would be a "but"—"there are definitely very legitimate aspects of the resistance that exists there, and it is terribly important, even if some of the manifestations are unacceptable, that you find a political solution to the problem."

This is an extraordinary moment. Despite his provisos, a high official of the U.N. has called the insurgency "the resistance." And he has called "aspects" of it "very legitimate." Furthermore, he has described the bombing of mosques, and the targeting of imams, as terrorist—but what about attacks on policemen, parliamentarians, voters . . . ?

As Brahimi speaks, the look on the Iraqi faces is priceless: Zebari, in particular, is appalled. (For a Q&A with the Iraqi foreign minister, about Mr. Brahimi and other matters, please see page 39.)

When all the panelists have spoken, the moderator announces that there is a short time for questions from the audience. The period is dominated by Amr Moussa, sitting in the middle of the first row. Even more than Brahimi, the secretary-general of the Arab League—and the former foreign minister of Egypt—is the personification of the Arab Old Guard. And this panel, with these Iraqis, has clearly rattled him.

Moussa makes a dramatic statement about "Palestine." (Big cheers from the audience.) He praises an American professor on the panel for his criticisms of the Bush administration. (The professor nods appreciatively.) And then he turns to the Iraqis, to hector them about Sunni participation in the new process.

One thing is clear at this conference: The Iraqi Sunnis are the most important minority in the world (and maybe the most important group of people). No other minority is given the time of day—during Saddam's decades, the Kurds, Christians, and others certainly were not. But the Old Guard has an almost desperate investment in the line that, as long as any Sunni unhappiness exists, the Iraqi democracy is illegitimate.

Hajim al-Hassani has a response to Moussa. He agrees that the Iraqi government must do more to "reach out" to Sunnis. (Zebari and other officials say the same.) But then Hassani allows that he himself, the speaker of the parliament, is Sunni. He does not like to identify himself this way, however: because "we should all be Iraqis, without adherence to sect or

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ethnicity." Here we have a declaration of true Arab liberalism.

One other thing is crystal-clear at this conference: Today's Iraqis are like the Israelis, held to a higher standard than anyone else in the region. The whole Middle East may swim in tyranny, autocracy, and corruption—but democratic Iraq is scrutinized for perfection. They must dot every "i" and cross every "t." The Iraqis had better get used to it. And it seems they already are.

Shortly after this panel, I witness a scene that may be of interest. The room for a subsequent session is full to bursting, and many of us are unable to get in. "It is full," we are told. But along comes Amr Moussa, who brusquely and wordlessly pushes his way through, despite the (weak) protestations of staffers and guards. I hear a voice behind me quietly say, "They should tell Mr. Moussa it is full." It is Sinan al-Shabibi, governor of the Central Bank of Iraq. In this small episode, I think I see the arrogance and presumptuousness of the Old Guard, in contrast with a new, aspiring spirit. Which will prevail?

Amr Moussa

APPLAUSE LINES, NON-APPLAUSE LINES

A leading American is Robert Zoellick, the deputy secretary of state, who gives a big speech, in a big hall. He talks about the winds of change in the Arab world (the phrase is Macmillan's, about Africa, but it is frequently heard here)—and he has a tough crowd. After all, many of the attendees are the very elites whose death knell Zoellick, and others, are sounding. Who wants to listen to his own obituary—especially when it is unflattering?

Zoellick begins, "We are here in a time and spirit of transformation. For some, the metamorphosis is invigorating—a welcome 'Arab Spring.' For others, the changes are alive with possibilities, but also pose uncertainties. A number are confused. . . . There are doubters, too, and even those whose opposition has hardened into enmity." His speech is sensitive, nuanced, and determinedly humble, but it is also principled. He ends by saying that "America will reach out to the countries of the Mideast as a respectful partner—for peace, development, democracy, and hope. We will celebrate your success, because it will be our good fortune, too."

And the crowd? Its applause is the very definition of tepid. In fact, it is barely applause at all. The room is eerily quiet. I don't think I've ever heard a speech receive such an awkward response—and, in my view, it damns the multitude in the hall. Even Dick Cheney, two Davoses ago, in Switzerland, got more applause. (But not nearly as much as Iran's president Khatami.)

Laura Bush is another leading American. She, too, gives a stirring speech, and stirring in more senses than one: She rocks a boat. Like Zoellick's, hers is a "change" speech, which cites the experience of the ex-Soviet bloc. Mrs. Bush even quotes Václav Havel, who once told her, "Laura, you know, democracy is hard because it requires the participation of all the people." Comments the First Lady, "All people—men and women—want to contribute to the success of their country. And all people—men and women—must have the opportunity to do so." Those are not words to curry favor with the traditional Arab political class.

When she has finished, the man beside me gives an instacritique, to his companions: "Arrogance, ignorance, and parochialism." Wrong on all three counts, particularly the last: Whatever else it may have been, this speech was resoundingly universalist. The man goes on to sniff, "She's supposed to be not very intelligent." Wrong again. Laura Bush has delivered a boffo, nerve-touching performance.

Liz Cheney will do no worse. The vice president and Lynne's daughter is a State Department official, responsible for Near Eastern affairs. Like her parents, she speaks crisply, knowledgeably, and comfortably. She is certainly that way in a session with a small group of reporters—and she is that way on subsequent panels. The first, I cannot attend, but a fellow journalist does, and he reports something extraordinary. At one point, Ms. Cheney said (something like), "I think we should stop mentioning 'Palestine,' just to get a cheap round of applause, and start concentrating on relevant issues of reform." At this point, says my fellow journalist, a couple of men behind him piped up, "She's a lesbian, she's a lesbian."

As it happens, she is not. But she is an excellent spokesman for U.S. policy abroad, and an excellent spokesman for liberal democratic values, too.

THE BIG DEBATE

Liz Cheney next appears in a debate televised by al-Arabiya, one of the Middle East's big networks. The subject is, "What Will It Take to Unleash an Arab Renaissance?" Alongside Ms. Cheney are two spectacularly unbudgeable members of the Arab Old Guard: Amr Moussa and Prince Turki al-Faisal, Saudi Arabia's former intelligence chief, and now its ambassador to Great Britain. Hoshyar Zebari participates, too: He keeps jabbing Moussa by quoting the slogan of the Egyptian opposition, "Kifaya," or "Enough"—enough with your rigidities, enough with your "emergency laws" (which last indefinitely), enough with your stiflings. In turn, Moussa claims that the man in the street does not want wholesale change so much as he wants a lessening of "bureaucracy and red tape."

I have called Amr Moussa unbudgeable—spectacularly so—but it also occurs to me that he, Brahimi, and their like have the opportunity to be great men. They, the Old Guard, can usher in a new, better order, securing their places in history. When the call of the people came, they answered. Or, they can dig in, and be swept away—if, as Zebari has said, a "wave" has been launched that "cannot be stopped."

DARREN GYGI

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Prince Turki dominates the Arabiya debate simply by filibustering. (The moderator does not hush him.) He may be no democrat, but he might make a fine Democrat, in the U.S. Senate. Immediately, he plays the Palestinian card, declaring, "The Palestinians must be freed." Nothing can happen until then. For "this is a bleeding wound of 60 years' duration, and it is impacting us negatively." Why the Palestinian situation demands that Saudi Arabia—or any other country—be a police state, the prince doesn't say. They never do.

The most astonishing person on the panel, however, is Bassam I. Awadallah, the Jordanian finance minister. He is young, clear-minded, and bold. You might be listening to a scholar of the American Enterprise Institute. He attacks the "regression of the Arab world," and counsels free markets, democracy, transparency, rights, the rule of law, and opportunity—lots of it. He might as well be Jack Kemp, c. 1978. Awadallah says, "We see Arabs in the U.S. and Europe succeeding. Why can't they succeed here? The answer is that we're not giving liberty to people." If King Abdullah has such men in high places, then he is indeed the reforming monarch he claims to be.

I meet one of his subjects outside the conference. He is a Palestinian, a restless, stifled entrepreneur, and one of his many remarkable observations is this: "We don't have ex-presidents in this part of the world. You in the West have ex-presidents. It would be so nice to meet one! Here, you're president for life. If you're not president anymore, it's because you're dead." Let us hope that, ere long, the Middle East becomes a land of ex-presidents. (Will Abu Mazen be the first? My Palestinian contact is doubtful.) At least a place where so wondrous a species is possible. **NR**

The Iraqi Foreign Minister, on the Record

HOSHYAR ZEBARI is foreign minister of Iraq. Kurdish in origins, he fought against Saddam Hussein. At one time he was confined to the Iraqi prison known as "the Palace of the End," because—as he explains—"if you went in there, that was the end for you. It was notorious, in terms of torture." Zebari was later influential in the decision of the Kurdish leadership to aim for a whole, democratic Iraq, rather than a separate state or sphere. He spoke with Jay Nordlinger at the World Economic Forum conference in Jordan.

The line we keep hearing is, "Everybody's rooting for the new Iraq, no matter what we might have thought about the war." That's not true, is it?

Iraq's recovery from its current difficulties may not be a good sign for many countries in the region—countries that have been accustomed to dealing with an Iraq that is not prosperous, not democratic. Baghdad used to be the center of the establishment: The major scholars, scientists, writers, came out of Baghdad, in the old days. Iraq is a powerful country, central to the entire Middle East. It is a balancing country, in a way. And it has resources, including money. If those resources were put to good use, Iraq would emerge as a very, very successful country—the most successful of all. Others benefited from the old situation: from Saddam and all the disaster he meant for us.

Lakhdar Brahimi [of the U.N.] refers to the insurgency you're facing as a "resistance"—a resistance, moreover, some of whose "aspects" are "very legitimate." Your response?

We were in the resistance, against Saddam Hussein. I personally was—I was a member of the resistance in the early '80s, opposed to Saddam Hussein. At the time, nobody [in the world at large] was on our side. But we never, ever blew up water plants, we never attacked a pipeline or an electrical pole, we never targeted civilians, or hospitals, or schools, or populated areas. We never sent cars [outfitted with bombs] to kill innocent people in streets.

There are aspects of a legitimate resistance, and these aspects are missing in Iraq. To call the insurgents a resistance is an affront to a true resistance.

I know you feel strongly about the U.N., and its past relations with Iraq. I imagine you aren't very happy being lectured by the U.N., in the person of Mr. Brahimi.

We are not happy about being lectured by the U.N., or by another country, for that matter. The Iraqis have a great sense of independence as a people. Second, we know our problems better than anyone else does.

There is an international conference coming up in Brussels, on Iraq. And my message to my American friends and the Europeans was, "Iraq has to be represented, very visibly, very prominently. No longer will we allow others to speak on our behalf. We can speak for ourselves. We understand our problems, we can make lists of priorities."

The U.N. has not done enough [in Iraq]. Even yesterday, I talked to some of their officials, and said, "You need to establish your presence. A lot of time has been wasted already. If the security situation is not encouraging in Baghdad, why not open offices in the north, or in Basra, in the south? You are doing nothing."

I recall that Kofi Annan said the Iraq war was illegal.

For us, it was the most legitimate of wars. To have suffered the atrocities of Saddam over those years, and the indifference of the international community, including the U.N. . . . It was the war that eased the suffering of the Iraqis.

It seems that everyone is concerned about the Sunnis. They seem to be the world's favorite minority. Have you ever seen another minority in the region receive so much attention?

This is a good question. The Sunnis don't see themselves as a minority—that's the problem! They have dominated our

Continued on page 40

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country since it was created by the British, in the '20s.

The key element is to write and ratify a constitution—and to hold a second election. And what we are asking of the Arab countries—of which the majority are dominated by elites of Sunni origins—is this: "If you care about Iraq, why don't you use your influence to encourage [Iraqi Sunnis] to participate—not to discourage them, not to agitate them against the democratic process?"

How are you received by your fellow foreign ministers?

As you know, there is an anti-American feeling all over. So some people are using Iraq to settle scores with the United States. They say they don't reform because of U.S. policies, because of the Palestinians, because the U.S. has not resolved the Arab–Israeli conflict. But reform is an internal issue—that was the message we tried to give, when we were in the opposition. The other attitude is, "No: I'll keep everything frozen until A, B, and C occur. Until that day, I won't reform."

At the Arab League, we held discussions, to produce a paper on reform in the Arab world. Believe me, this was distressing. For days, the discussions focused on whether even to use the word "reform." The problem was, "reform," in our language, means there is something wrong: something that needs correction, something that is corrupt. The word "modernization" was more acceptable.

I just came from a meeting with King Abdullah. He has been supportive and helpful, but beneath, if you go to the media, if you go to the mosques, to the street, the attitude is different. There is a disconnect. The attitude is not supportive of Iraq, not helpful to the Iraqi government. The situation is still perceived as an occupation, and those who are in government are collaborators with the Americans.

A lot of people don't want us to succeed, but that is why I am very clear. I say, "You may not like it, but Iraq is moving forward."

Will Iraq make it?

I think so. All the critics attacked us, and doubted our ability, two years ago. They said we would never get even this far. We've come a long, long way, changing the regime from a dictatorship into a democracy. This is a difficult job, and success does not happen overnight. And the way the post-war situation was managed was really not helpful. Not professional. They didn't listen to us. We said, "This is how it should be done—trust us, believe us. We don't have any ulterior agenda. We want to succeed." And now we are in the same boat: If you [Americans] fail, we [Iraqis] fail.

Any danger that America will withdraw prematurely, before Iraq can defend itself?

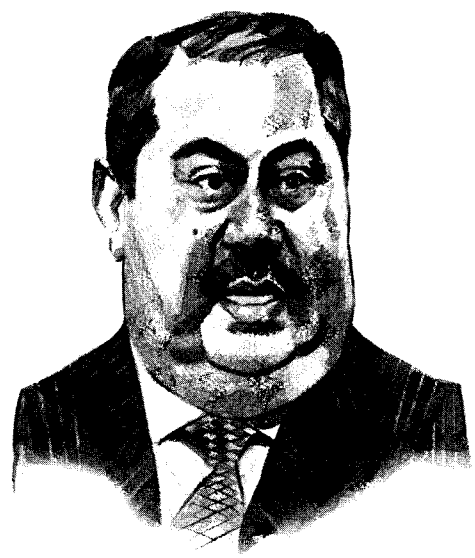
I don't think so. This administration, this leadership, is very focused. It is committed, because it knows what is at stake.

Did you dodge a bullet when President Bush was reelected last November?

Indeed. We wanted to continue with him, we wanted to see this project end successfully. Any changing of horses would have been disastrous.

People seem less resentful of Afghan freedom and democracy than of yours. Why?

Afghanistan is far away. Iraq is in the Arab world, the heart of the Islamic world. Our situation has a serious impact on our neighborhood. Hariri [the former Lebanese prime minister] was killed on February 14th, and our election had taken place on the 30th of January. It was the Iraqi election that ignited the spark of this movement calling for democratic change in the region. I will always remember the statement of Walid Jumblatt, the Lebanese leader. He said, "I was against the war, I was against American policies, but the moment I saw those millions of Iraqis standing in those queues, defying all death threats, I realized that this was the first step in democracy."



Hoshyar Zebari

Do you fear for your own life?

I take all the security precautions. All of us assume that we are targets for assassination, car bombs, anything. This is because we are defying the terrorists and trying to make our country a successful country, a democratic country. Over the last two years, I have served continuously in Baghdad, and my family lives in Baghdad. We have uncovered three car bombs, which were either minutes away or seconds away from blowing us up. One was at my house, the second was on my route to work, and the third was on another route. But we had very professional officers, who served with me in the resistance—they are very well trained. So, in fact, they discovered these bombs and dismantled them.

The threat is there all the time, and that is the challenge. But if you give in to threats, or agree to be prisoners of the security environment, you can do nothing. It is a challenge. It takes some guts, and many of my colleagues have that.

You have to understand this: We fought Saddam, we fought these people [who are now in the insurgency], so they are not able to intimidate us. When we faced them, they were far superior, far stronger, with an air force, and chemical weapons, and a huge security apparatus, and this huge army. We fought them in many battles, in many areas, and they could not cause us to give in to their policies. Now, we are in power. We are strong, with strong friends and allies. They will certainly not be able to intimidate us now. **NR**

DARREN GYGI

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■ **EUROPE II**

Enter Eurospeak

An insidious replacement for the Marxist Newspeak

ROGER SCRUTON

SOCIAL reality is malleable. What it is depends on how it is perceived; and how it is perceived depends on how it is described. Hence language is an important instrument in modern politics, and many of the political conflicts of our time are conflicts over words. This truth was abundantly illustrated by the history of Communism and by the triumph of Communist Newspeak, not merely in the Soviet Empire and China, but in university departments all over Europe and America. Open almost any British sociology textbook from the Seventies and you will read that human society divides into "classes," that the "proletariat" is engaged in a continuing "struggle" with the "bourgeoisie," that the "bourgeoisie" controls the "means of production," and a thousand other inanities that are not descriptions (since they correspond to nothing observable) but *spells*, cast at reality in the urgent need to transform it into the Marxist fairyland.

The malign spirit of Marxism has now fled from the European landscape, having stunted the growth of the disciplines on which it alighted, but leaving the rest to grow—so we hoped—in more humane and natural ways. Unfortunately our hopes were premature. For no sooner had Marxist Newspeak evaporated than Eurospeak—the official language of the European Union—came in place of it. Turn to that extraordinary document on which the future of Europe now depends—the official constitution of the European Union—and you will again see language used as it was used by the Communists, not to describe reality, but to subdue reality to a ruling purpose.

Take the critical term "subsidiarity," with which the constitution promises to protect the vestiges of national sovereignty. This term invariably occurs in the vicinity of a seriously damaging question, namely: What remains of the democratic forms

Mr. Scruton is the author of many books, including *The West and the Rest: Globalization and the Terrorist Threat* and *The Need for Nations*.

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of government achieved by the nation-states when the EU takes charge of their legislation? The answer is that we must apply the "principle of subsidiarity," according to which decisions are all to be taken at the "lowest level compatible with the project of Union."

What is this lowest level, you may ask, and who decides which decisions are to be taken there? The only possible answer to the second question—namely, the EU apparatus, including the European Court of Justice—removes all meaning from the first. To say that the nation-states have sovereignty in all matters that they are competent to decide, but that the EU apparatus decides which matters those are, is to say that the nation-states have no sovereignty at all, since all their powers are delegated. In other words, "subsidiarity" effectively removes the sovereignty that it purports to grant, and so wraps the whole idea of sovereignty in an impenetrable cloud of mystery. True, the proposed EU constitution incorporates a protocol reaffirming the principle of subsidiarity and requiring EU institutions to show evidence, before taking charge of some matter, that it cannot be dealt with at the national level. But the standard of proof is vague, and the arbiter appointed is the European Court of Justice, an institution committed to the project of "ever closer union," and under whose jurisdiction the *acquis communautaire* (the list of powers transferred from nation-states to the European bureaucracies) has already expanded to 97,000 pages. Hence the protocol simply removes the guarantees that it purports to grant.

words as "proportionality," "solidarity," "ever closer union," and "*acquis communautaire*": words and phrases that suggest a popular process of lawful gain, but whose real meaning is loss. To say that a power has become part of the *acquis communautaire*, for example, is not to say that it has been acquired by anything, or is henceforth to be exercised by any accountable body. It is to say that it has been lost in the bureaucratic labyrinth, so that nobody henceforth will really know how it is deployed or how to rectify its abuse.

AN ARMY OF 'ISMS'

Communist Newspeak describes an embattled world in which the forces of progress are constantly called on to defeat the malignant "isms" that threaten them—capitalism, imperialism, left deviationism, and so on. In a similar manner Eurospeak fills the world with its own brand of dangerous "isms," abstract forces that are also mysteries at least as unfathomable as the union they threaten. Chief of these "isms" is the "racism" (and "xenophobia") against which we are warned by the European Commission in one after another of its official pronouncements and directives, and which has now been made into a crime. Nobody knows what this crime involves, and that is the real purpose of the label—namely, to instill in the public mind the idea of a malign force that stalks through all European society, inhabiting the hearts and brains of people who may not be aware of its machinations, diverting even the most innocent project

Eurospeak fills the world with its own brand of dangerous 'isms,' abstract forces that are mysteries at least as unfathomable as the union they threaten.

The term subsidiarity was not invented by the European machine. It has been used to describe a form of organization recommended by the social doctrine of the Catholic Church and elevated to a principle of government in a papal encyclical of Pius XI in 1931. From this source it was appropriated by Wilhelm Röpke in his effort to develop a social and political theory in which the market economy would be reconciled with the local community. However, what Röpke meant by *Subsidiarität*, and what Catholic doctrine implied, was very different from anything intended in the European constitution. Subsidiarity, in Röpke's understanding, refers to the absolute right of local communities to take decisions for themselves, including the decision to surrender the matter to a larger forum. Subsidiarity places an absolute brake upon centralizing powers by permitting their involvement only when requested.

In Eurospeak, however, subsidiarity has the opposite sense, providing a comprehensive authorization to the EU institutions to expropriate whatever powers they might deem to be theirs. By purporting to grant powers with the very word that removes them, the EU constitution wraps the whole idea of decentralized government in mystery. A similar mystery is enshrined in such

onto the path of sin. My own very English patriotism might be a proof of guilt; in declaring myself the enemy of Eurospeak it is possible that I am exhibiting xenophobia; my Anglo-Saxon culture could very well convict me of racism.

Or maybe not. How am I to know? The important point is that I am not to know. I am to remain baffled by the mysterious possibility of my own criminal frame of mind, so as to learn not to question the wise decrees by which I am henceforth to be governed. Racism and xenophobia are strictly thought crimes, of the kind described by Orwell.

In an important study of Communist Newspeak, the French scholar Françoise Thom refers to the "pan-dynamism" implicit in the words and syntax used by the party machine. The world of Newspeak is a world of abstract forces, in which individuals are merely local embodiments of the "isms" that are revealed in them; hence it is a world without action. However, it is not a world without movement. On the contrary, everything is in constant motion, swept onwards by the forces of progress or impeded by the forces of reaction. There is no equilibrium, no stasis, no rest in the world of Newspeak. All stillness is a deception, the quietus of a volcano that could erupt at any time.

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This feature of Newspeak was particularly apparent during the "peace offensive" that followed the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, when Soviet propaganda, acting in conjunction with peace movements in the West, resurrected the "struggle for peace" of the Cold War. Peace never appears in Newspeak as a condition of rest and normality. It is always something to fight for, and Fight for Peace!, Struggle for Peace! took their place among the official slogans of the party. A quotation from a Soviet tract of the period reveals the style: "Nations must exert themselves to achieve a common programme for the creation of the conditions which preserve peace." Such a sentence homes in on peace only after a strenuous and muscle-bound journey through the exertions of nations, a common program, the creation of conditions—and even then peace is only "preserved," as though it could fall apart at any time.

From the same source comes the penchant of Newspeak for "irreversible" changes. Since everything is in motion and the "struggle" between the forces of progress and the forces of reaction is always and everywhere, it is important that the triumph of ideology over reality be constantly recorded and endorsed. Hence progressive forces always achieve irreversible changes, while reactionary forces are wrong-footed by their contradictory and merely "nostalgic" attempts to defend a doomed social order.

THE NEW (FALSE) TONGUE

Eurospeak mirrors this feature of Newspeak. It pins its exhortations to a pan-dynamic vision of the political process in which all positive changes are irreversible and all negative changes merely temporary setbacks, caused by racism, xenophobia, Little Englandism, nationalism, and so on. Just as the official announcements of Newspeak refer to ever more "scientific," progressive, or productive initiatives, without ever specifying just what point on the scale of science, progress, or production we have reached, so does Eurospeak build itself around a project of "ever closer union," without pausing to consider how much union has so far been attained or how much union would be desirable. Everything is constantly moving forward along the single path, and while sometimes Europhiles will refer to a fast track and a slow track into the future, the tracks lead in the same direction, which is nowhere definite, since it can be described only in comparative terms.

Thus the constitution's Charter of Fundamental Rights begins with the phrase: "The peoples of Europe, in creating an ever closer union among them, are resolved . . ." No one has asked the peoples of Europe whether they want such a union, or what they understand the phrase to mean. Nevertheless, it seems that the peoples of Europe are moving of their own accord in this direction, and have made resolutions accordingly. Everything thereafter is infected by the pan-dynamism of this opening phrase. We are exhorted not to respect rights but to "strengthen rights in light of social progress," not to cooperate but to "work towards developing a coordinated strategy." Instead of making adjustments to the union we are to "develop and pursue its action leading to the strengthening of its economic, social, and territorial cohesion." Those vague phrases could not possibly form the basis of a constitution in the Anglo-Saxon understanding of the term, since they are without clear legal force and depend for their interpretation on a political project rather than a legal ruling.

Concealed within the crucial phrases is the non-negotiable appropriation of powers by an unaccountable body. Like the Communist party, this body is defined by an unchangeable agenda and depends on no individual human being for its continuity. The only thing that can alter its agenda or bring its machinations to an end is a concerted effort of free discussion, leading to a widespread resistance to the ruling schemes. By offering indecipherable mysteries at all the points where discussion might lead to a rejection of the agenda, Eurospeak protects the privileges of the Eurocrats as effectively as Newspeak protected the power of the Communists. The European constitution should therefore be read not as a description of political realities, and still less as a set of legal provisions, providing remedies to the citizen against the abuse of power, but as a spell, cast at the people of Europe. And if they vote for it—as the French, impressively, have declined to do—this is proof that the spell is working. **NR**

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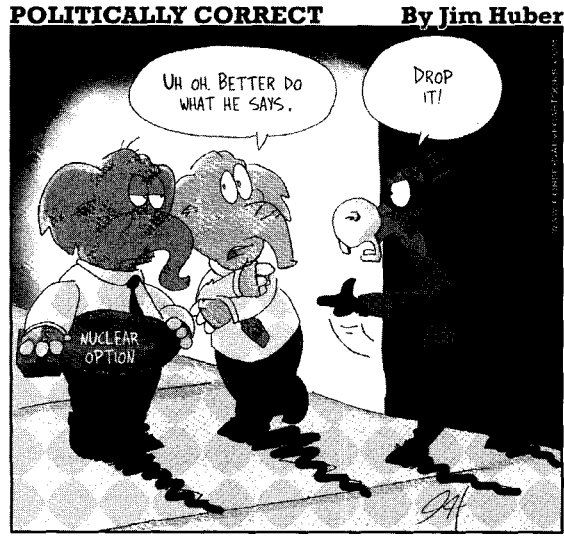
HELP!!!!

Senate Vibes

The Era of Good Feeling had
A shelf life of three days;
Biden denied it as did Dodd,
But filibuster ways
Re-entered like a camel's nose
Beneath the circus tent.
Frist contemplates a nuke; McCain's
Balloon sags like it's spent.

—W. H. von Dreele

"Why are your escargot taking so long?
Are you trying to be funny?"



PUBLISHING THOSE PHOTOS HAS TAKEN AWAY MY DIGNITY. IT IS A GROSS VIOLATION OF THE GENEVA CONVENTION AND A CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY...
SOME KINDER, GENTLER TYRANTS
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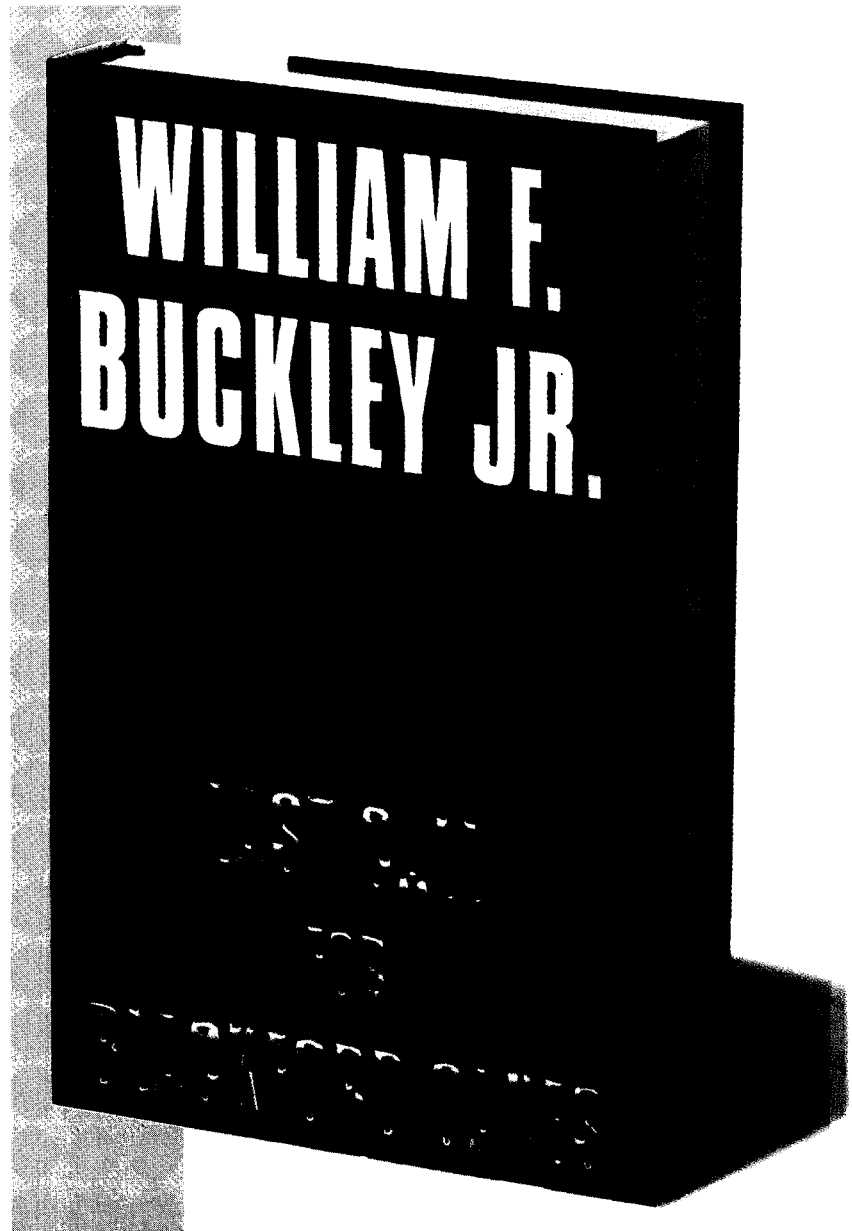

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the long view

ROB LONG

Groupe Psychiatrique
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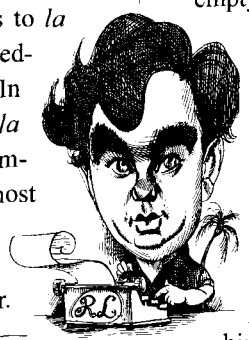
Jeudi, le 26 mai:

Le patient arrives, late in the afternoon, directly from the Elysée Palace, for his regularly scheduled session with *le docteur*, his psychiatrist. *Le patient* has been preparing his remarks to *la République*, which he is scheduled to give in the evening. In his job as *le Président de la République* he displays command and dignity and an almost *de Gaulle-esque* (a former *patient* of this humble *docteur,* incidentally) power. But in his private moments—naked, alone, *tout seul*—he is clearly in turmoil. He is playing a dangerous game, perhaps even a deadly game, with his political life. Should the vote go his way on Sunday he will be a hero, a god-king, a *lion d'or*. Should it not, the *crétinisation de Jacques Chirac* will commence, *sans arrêt*.



The crisis plays on his face. He looks *terrible*—old, haggard, wan—but when *le docteur* points this out, *le patient* merely shrugs majestically and lights a cigarette.

He is upbeat and optimistic. He tells *le docteur* that the various opinion polls that suggest that Sunday's referendum will result in a resounding "*non*" for the European constitution are "absurd" and "to be mocked." When *le docteur* shrugs, *le patient* chuckles loudly and rearranges his scarf as he opens a bottle of wine and lights another cigarette. For a moment, the office is silent save for the rustle and clatter of *le patient*'s many activities.

After a few puffs and a sip or two of wine, *le patient* finally sits opposite *le docteur*. He smiles bravely. *Le docteur* shrugs. *Le patient* shrugs in return. The session begins.

It is clear to *le docteur* that *le patient* is suffering from some form of delusion. His jaunty scarf and his inane chatter are all symptoms of a self-in-crisis. A self of no-self. A self that, when confronted with the evidence that the world is a mad carnival, a dumb show of such empty and meaningless violence that to trust it, to hold stock in it, is to descend into self-parody, will suffer no less than a *crise philosophique* beyond the reach of cigarettes, or wine, or a lover's embrace.

Le docteur prefers not to share this insight with *le patient*, as *le patient* is irritating him. So they sit in silence for the rest of the session, each alone with his cigarettes and his scarf and his thoughts of past lovers.

Lundi, le 30 mai:

Le patient arrives early in the morning, during my third cigarette. Despondent and in crisis, he rails for many minutes against his countrymen, who, it seems, have delivered to him a blow of monstrous proportions.

"They have behaved abominably," he whispers hoarsely. "I close the iron door on them!" He sits for a moment, fretting sulkily. *Le docteur* tries to suggest alternative and healthier ways to cope—a visit to the seaside, perhaps; or taking a new lover—but it is of no use. *Le patient* is undone. He does not touch his wine.

"I am now a sad clown," he declaims. "If I had any honor," he continues after a long puff on a cigarette, "I would leap from *la Tour Montparnasse*," and then another long puff, "that is," another puff, "if the concept of 'honor' still had meaning in today's," another puff, "chaotic global *hypermarché*." He stubs the cigarette out with great violence and lights another. We sit in silence for a moment, each brooding silently over our sense that life is absurd.

"What confuses me," *le patient* says after a meaningful silence, "is that I know of no one—*personne!*—who voted *'non.'* So I ask you, how is this possible, this rebuke, this humiliation?"

Le docteur shifts uncomfortably. How to tell the man under his care, his *patient*, indeed, *le Président de la République* that he—yes! He! Even he! *Le docteur!*—has voted with the majority of his countrymen, against a treaty that seemed, upon closer evaluation, to be just a tad too English to ratify? How? *Comment le faire?*

In the end, it is unnecessary for *le docteur* to say anything. His defiant chin and the arrogant pitch of his nose give him away, and *le patient*, broken, remorseful, humiliated, and dishonored, understands without words, which, as Jacques Derrida—another *patient* of this humble *docteur*—taught us are just an approximation of meaning anyway and merely create a chaotic matrix of text-signifiers in the place of meaning. I share this insight with *le patient*. He shrugs.

We sit in silence for several moments, smoking. Finally, *le patient* finishes the rest of his wine, rearranges his scarf for a few moments, then shimmers out without a word, without a nod, into the Paris afternoon light. Home to his wife, no doubt. What dishonor!

Le docteur himself calls it a day—it is almost 16h00, after all—finishes his cigarette, then goes to visit his lover. Later, he will watch the news with his wife. He will tell her of his conversation that afternoon with his *patient*. She will listen attentively, then shrug, then go to spend the evening with her lover.

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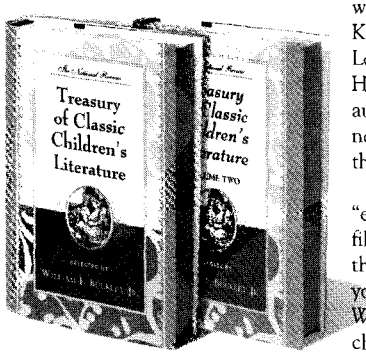

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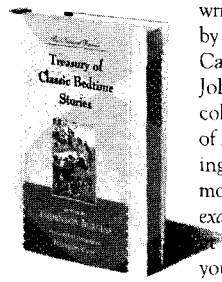

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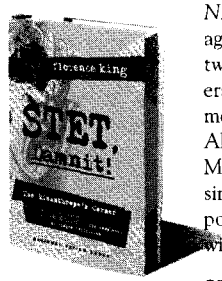

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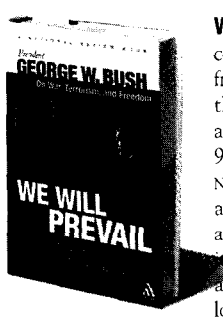

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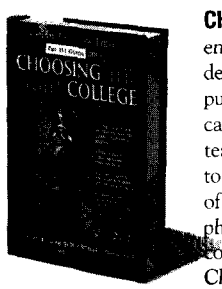

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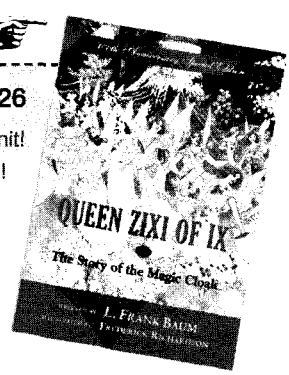

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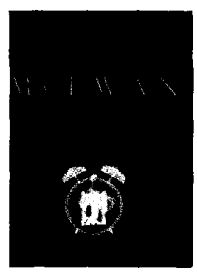
After Tragedy

ROSS G. DOUTHAT

CULTURAL impact, as much as political consequence, distinguishes a once-in-a-generation event from a mere disaster. The Bastille's storming sparked a century of Romanticism; the death of Franz Ferdinand birthed the Lost Generation; My Lai and Tet shaped a quarter-century of American film. Whereas no comparable cultural ripples spread from the *Hindenburg* or the Johnstown Flood, the *Titanic*'s sinking or Chicago's Great Fire.

So how we remember September 11—an act of war in the form of a *Hindenburg*-style calamity—will be defined in no small part by how the culture reckons with the day, and with its fraught and frightened aftermath. And while it's early yet, the reckoning thus far has been defined largely by dogs that haven't barked, and expectations proven premature—facile predictions of the "end of irony," for instance, or vain hopes for the demise of reality TV. With the exception of Spike Lee's film *25th Hour* (2002), an underrated ode to a wounded Manhattan, the artistic response to 9/11 has been flat and disappointing, as if the weight of wall-to-wall media coverage left little space for fictional interpretation.



The recent wave of "9/11 novels"—one American, one British, and one French—largely confirms this trend. The most disappointing of the three, if only because of the talent involved, is Ian McEwan's ***Saturday*** (Nan A. Talese, 304 pp., $26)—which begins arrestingly, with a fiery plane streaking across the London sky, watched anxiously by the sleepless protagonist, a prosperous surgeon named Henry Perowne. The titular 24 hours is February 15, 2003, the eve of the Iraq War, and the weekend when a wave of anti-war protests brought millions into the streets worldwide. The protesters themselves intrude into the novel mainly as an inconvenience to Perowne as he goes about the day's business: a squash game, a visit to his senile mother, a trip to his son's jazz concert. But 9/11 is a palpable presence throughout, from the initial shock of the flaming airplane—which proves to be nothing more sinister than an accident—to the way that Perowne's mind circles back, again and again, to the sudden shadow over the life of the West.

Like the culture as a whole, McEwan's protagonist hasn't yet come to grips with the brand-new Age of Terror. Is 9/11 the beginning of a "global crisis that would, if we were lucky, take a hundred years to resolve?" So he thinks, having coffee with his son—but later, in the comfort of his Mercedes, he decides that he's a "fool to be taken in by that hundred-year claim," that he's inhabiting a stable golden age, and that "if the present dispensation is wiped out now, the future will look back on us as gods."

Either way, he's keeping cool about it, and this is the first difficulty with the novel: the lack of strong emotion in depicting a historical moment that has been defined by little else. McEwan's novels have always had a chill about them, and a sense that the author was restraining his gifts, turning in virtuoso performances in minor works, as if uncertain whether the modern novel, or perhaps the flatness of modernity itself, could bear the weight of great literary ambitions. But in his last work, *Atonement* (2002), he had let the restraint slip a little, and the result was as close to a masterpiece as recent literature has produced—although some of the genius was undone when McEwan retreated from his own creation in the closing scenes, recasting the story as a fiction within a fiction, as if fearful of the reality that he had summoned up.

September 11 and its aftermath would seem to open the possibility of a wider canvas. But *Saturday* is a retreat, rather than an advance, from the daring of *Atonement*. McEwan offers up a deliberately narrow slice of life, a single mind on a single day, and what's worse, a not terribly interesting mind: a surgeon who treats literature and God with equal dismissiveness, a sensible-but-unoriginal Blairite who "takes the conventional view" of al-Qaeda and supports the Iraq War halfheartedly, and a husband and father whose family life is characterized by a happiness so unruffled as to beggar belief.

Such qualities—secular philistinism, political moderation, upper-middle-class comfort—mark Perowne as more of a type, the turn-of-the-century Western liberal haut-bourgeois, than an actual personality. This in turn gives a whiff of allegory to the proceedings, and sure enough, just as 9/11 jarred the complacency of the protagonist's social class, so too is Perowne's own complacency jarred in the course of his long Saturday by an invasive, irrational force, a street tough named Baxter who first threatens the surgeon after a fender-bender, and later invades his home and holds his family at knifepoint.

The invader is not merely criminal but half-crazed: Perowne escapes their first encounter when he makes a lightning diagnosis of Baxter as a victim of Huntington's disease, a degenerative brain condition, and offers him medical counsel, shaming the hoodlum in front of his henchmen. Half a day later, the brain disorder serves as a *deus ex machina*, when Baxter's intended rape of Perowne's daughter is thwarted by his sudden mood swing, sparked by the young woman's recitation of "Dover Beach." (She is a prize-winning young poet, naturally, as Perowne is a great surgeon, his son a blues prodigy, and his wife a great lawyer, beauty, and lover, as if the family had collectively won some implausible lottery of talents.)

Given the political context of the book, the irruption of Baxter into Perowne's domestic bliss feels freighted with

Mr. Douthat, the author of *Privilege: Harvard and the Education of the Ruling Class*, is a reporter-researcher for *The Atlantic Monthly*.

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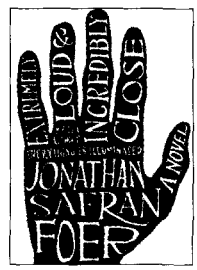
symbolism—but such a reading leads to absurdities. If Baxter is the London embodiment of bin Ladenite lunacy, are we then to take McEwan's novel as a celebration of how poetry can put a stop to terror? Is Matthew Arnold's lament for a lost "Sea of Faith" the novelist's proposed answer to al-Qaeda? And what of *Saturday*'s final section, in which Perowne performs successful surgery on his would-be assailant, who has suffered a life-threatening concussion? Is this perhaps an extended metaphor for how the West, having defeated radical Islam, can heal the wounds of the Muslim world?



Surely McEwan cannot intend such easy answers. But without the ballast of a 9/11 allegory, *Saturday* feels thin and oddly self-congratulatory: The man of science is saved by his daughter's poetic gift, saves his attacker with his own, and returns home to make love to his wife and resume his successful, complacent existence. Even his Mercedes, which the novel describes in the fastidious yet worshipful tones of a high-end auto magazine, is barely touched in the fender-bender: It's Baxter's car that suffers all the damage. Like the Mercedes, *Saturday* has its aesthetic pleasures, written as it is with McEwan's usual surgical skill. But neither the plot nor the characters justify the dexterity he lavishes on them, and the book never rises to meet the challenge of its moment, managing only to make a great and serious topic feel as small and unimportant as the book itself.

Jonathan Safran Foer's ***Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close*** (Houghton Mifflin, 368 pp., $24.95), on the other hand, is a Very Important Book—which we know because Foer has decided to take on not only 9/11, but the Dresden firebombings as well, and to cram the novel to bursting with an array of literary tricks and allusions. There are photographs and blank pages, typographical errors and deliberately illegible text, and a now-famous flip-book in which photographs of a falling man turn backward, so that he seems to rise to safety, or to heaven. The novel reads at times, too, like a compendium of other artists' inventions: There are echoes of *Herzog* and *Stuart Little*; of Paul Auster's chilly Manhattan fantasies and W. G. Sebald's meditations on wartime destruction; of the wise-child profundity of Holden Caulfield and the hipster tweeness of Wes Anderson.

What there isn't, unfortunately, is much of anything else. The novel's narrator, Oskar Schell, is a nine-year-old prodigy with a penchant for writing letters to famous people and for dreaming up adorable inventions—a birdseed shirt to help you fly, ambulances long enough to connect every building to a hospital, microphones that play the sound of human heartbeats at high volumes, and so on. Oskar has a business card, like all proper prodigies, and it describes him as an "inventor, jewelry designer, jewelry fabricator, amateur entomologist, francophile, vegan, origamist, pacifist, percussionist, amateur astronomer, computer consultant, amateur archaeologist, collector of: *rare coins, butterflies that died natural deaths, miniature cacti, Beatles memorabilia, and semiprecious stones.*" The card is the novel in miniature—whimsy with a sledgehammer.

His father having perished in the World Trade Center, Oskar finds himself wearing "heavy boots" (his precious term for depression, used endlessly and to diminishing returns), and to shed them he sets out on a quest to find the owner of a mysterious key hidden in his father's closet. The key is labeled "Black," so Oskar decides to meet every single Black in the New York City phonebook—a parade of charming eccentrics, as it happens, who teach the precocious lad many of the valuable lessons that most of us learn at the knee of the greeting-card industry.

The 9/11 theme plays noisily throughout, like "Chopsticks," reminding the reader that America has done bad things (firebombing Dresden, of course, where Oskar's long-lost grandfather lost his first love, but also dropping the atomic bomb, since Foer throws in an interview with a Hiroshima survivor), and now a bad thing has been done to us, and it's all so terribly, terribly sad. Not that it's our *fault*, exactly, since having a character take the Chomsky line would make the novel controversial, and Foer isn't interested in anything so petty as political controversy. No, he's tackling the Big Questions, like Life ("it takes a life to learn how to live") and Death ("Our lives are like skyscrapers. The smoke rises at different speeds, but they're all on fire, and we're all trapped") and the Afterlife ("I think after you live it's like before you lived") and Love ("How can you say I love you to someone you love?"). Oh, and finding a grandfather you didn't know you had—which would be a slightly less annoying denouement to a 9/11 novel than the recitation of "Dover Beach," if

MacARTHUR'S NIGHT RECONNAISSANCE

He attempted to tell the story
With the same ring of destiny found
In recounting his father's fabled climb
Up Lookout Mountain, and the forcing
Of the rebels' incredible retreat. His
Voice caught but did not waver, yet
The hammering of his emphatic hand
Was held back as if by an unseen force,
His eyes at last grown wider, pained relief
Immersed in waters gone by the lives
Of men a long time dead.

In a war where men arose in waves from trenches
Into a machine-gun fire of faceless death,
He had led them along two battered hills,
The smell of mud and powder and metal
And death, into death. The bombs soared
And broke into streaks of night fire,
The barbed wire clutching at each of them,
A pull to the grave. He lifted himself
Wrought and worn, unscathed, into the
Unstaggering stride of a sole survivor,
Success bitter blood of the earth itself,
And he unwilling, and with no duty, even these
Decades later, to ask the unanswerable question.

—WILLIAM W. RUNYEON

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only *Extremely Loud And Incredibly Close* felt a little less pleased with its bag of tricks, its crushing banalities, its sound and fury signifying zilch.

Which is why it's a relief to turn from the adventures of Oskar to Frederic Beigbeder's silly, messy, and often infuriating ***Windows on the World*** (Miramax, 320 pp., $24.95), in which the death of one Carthew Yorston and his sons in the titular skyline restaurant alternates with the author's own reflections, as he wanders first Paris and then New York, a year after the tragedy. As a novel, *Windows* is hopeless: Its protagonist, the doomed Carthew, is a French intellectual's notion of an American male, cobbled together from cultural clichés. His disaffection with suburbia is established by his affection for *American Beauty*; his sexual awakening summed up with references to *Hustler* and "cheerleaders with big tits." Reminiscing about his Texas childhood, Carthew is careful to note—in case anyone in France ever doubted it—that "every year, we consume about four tons of crude oil," and "there are a couple executions every week in my state."

But once you accept that the book is less a work of fiction than a rambling patchwork of reflections, *Windows on the World* becomes intermittently interesting, akin to chatting about 9/11 over drinks (quite a few of them, probably) with an undisciplined but sometimes penetrating intelligence. There are no prodigies here, and no easy profundities—just a French author using an American doppelgänger (Beigbeder's grandmother, he reveals near the end, was a Daughter of the American Revolution named Grace Carthew Yorston) to imagine the unimaginable.

Like McEwan's Perowne, Beigbeder doesn't know what to make of 9/11—but he isn't interested in the tidiness of reason, or the coolness of intellectual distance. And, like *Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close*, Beigbeder's novel is a grab-bag of allusions—the tower of Babel here, *The Great Gatsby* there, Baudelaire jostling for space with Edgar Allan Poe—but he doesn't make the mistake of pretending that they add up to something deeply significant. He's just sifting through the day's detritus: visiting Parisian skyscrapers and watching nervously for planes; flying the Concorde across the Atlantic, sweating all the way; touring Ground Zero and then hanging out in strip clubs; confessing his sins to the reader and marveling at churchgoing New Yorkers on Ash Wednesday—all the while concocting a fantasy of What It Was Like on that day, in that place, for that hour.

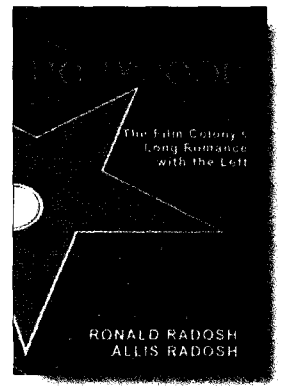
Which is to say that Beigbeder has written a bad book, but an easily forgivable one—a book that in its very messiness gets closer than its rivals to the sense of horror and mystery that surrounds 9/11 even now.

"This hatred that America inspires is love," he writes at one point. "Bin Laden does not realize it, but he worships America and wants to be admired by it. He would not make so much effort if he did not want America to look at him." Such words call to mind McEwan, oddly enough—not the hollow *Saturday*, but his 1997 novel *Enduring Love*, in which another materially minded protagonist has his comfortable world spin apart under the pressure of a madman's advances. In *Love*, though, the maniac is not an ordinary thug but a religious fanatic, and a strangely charming one at that, whose fixation begins as a disordered passion and ends with attempted murder. And the protagonist, having been dragged too deep into the madman's dream, emerges to find his life shattered almost beyond repair.

This story, spare and polished and one of McEwan's best, speaks more to the post-9/11 world than any novel written since—to the terrorist love affair with Western decadence; to the strange mixture of missionary zeal and murderous rage that spurs jihad; and above all to the dazed and fatal incomprehension of materialist man (as Beigbeder puts it, speaking of himself, "just a nihilist who doesn't want to die") in the face of an assault both physical and metaphysical.

From such strange collisions is history made—and great art as well, if we are fortunate. But not by this crop of novelists, or at least not yet. **NR**

Tinselgrad



Red Star Over Hollywood: The Film Colony's Long Romance with the Left, by Ronald Radosh and Allis Radosh (Encounter, 292 pp., $25.95)

EVE TUSHNET

From the first years of the Soviet Union, Moscow tried to turn Hollywood's dream machine into a Communist propaganda outlet. Aspiring American writers got tours and workshops with renowned Russian filmmakers and dramatists; Communists covertly dominated unions and front groups. But the Soviets gained little from these efforts: a few celluloid valentines to Stalinism like *Mission to Moscow*, a few true believers willing to defend every purge, but little lasting influence. The most notable beneficiaries of the Communist effort in Hollywood might be today's Left, for whom the blacklist serves as a secular *Lives of the Saints*. As Ronald and Allis Radosh put it in their comprehensive new overview, *Red Star Over Hollywood*, the fable of the blacklist is "the story that Hollywood tells itself each night when it goes to sleep."

Most of our actions are driven by hunger for a role, a narrative that makes sense of our place in the world. This is perhaps especially true of the political beliefs of people who don't pay too much attention to politics: Such people

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generally hold political beliefs that place them on the side of the angels in a simplified, symbol-rich storyline. This is the primary reason that it's worth revisiting the dupes and duplicities of Hollywood's Cold War. Hollywood sells us many of our stories, so we need to look at the stories it tells itself. And the central story Hollywood tells itself about its own political responsibilities is a left-wing story loosely based on the fallout from the 1947 hearings before the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

The myth of the blacklist depicts innocent artists, driven to poverty and suicide by brutish anti-Semites. The temptation, for anyone seeking to debunk this myth, is simply to switch the black and white hats, creating a countermyth of crusading anti-Communists perceptively discerning Stalinist influences in the quintessential American industry. *Red Star Over Hollywood* avoids that temptation, offering sympathetic portrayals of Hollywood Communists and showing why they joined the Party. Several were seduced by the artistic experimentation of early Soviet cinema; others were attracted by causes the Communists championed, preeminently the opposition to fascism.

After they joined up, however, these poolside Communists found that the Party didn't care about any of the things that had attracted them. They joined believing that artists would have more freedom under Communism than under the capitalistic studio bosses; what they got instead was praise for the dullest "proletarian" literature and relentless criticism of any writing that showed original thought. (Artists, of course, are no more independent-minded than anyone else: Again and again, writers knuckled under to demands for ideological purity.)

The actors and screenwriters joined believing that they were united against fascism and anti-Semitism; they got the Nazi-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact. They joined believing that they were on the side of those pastel dream-figures, The Workers; they learned that Communist-controlled unions were more interested in the needs of the Party than in the needs of labor.

For a brief moment, HUAC managed to revive the old "Popular Front," the covertly Communist-dominated liberal-left 1930s coalition against fascism. Studio bosses and stars lined up to argue that Congress couldn't dictate the political beliefs of screenwriters or the hiring practices of the studios. But the most committed Communists among the Hollywood "unfriendly witnesses" decided to turn the HUAC hearings into a soapbox, ranting about HUAC's "Hitler techniques" and "the beginning of an American concentration camp." This rhetoric alienated those who would have supported a defense centered on the idea that even Communists shouldn't be harassed or prosecuted for their beliefs; but such a defense would mean conceding that multiple political perspectives are good, and this the genuine Communists could not do. In the aftermath of the hearings, the blacklist—an industry-wide agreement not to hire Communists—found, if not support, at least less opposition than it likely would have faced if the "Hollywood Ten" had chosen a liberal rather than hard-left defense.

The blacklist forms the core of the Hollywood Left's self-image. (*Red Star*'s appendix describes eight movies romanticizing the blacklisted writers.) But the blacklistees did not all share the same fate. Some went through a period of poverty, selling off the property they'd acquired in the fat years, before beginning to work again under pseudonyms. Some went abroad and flourished there. A few were devastated, but most made their compromises and kept going.

The one recurring figure whose perspective seems closest to the authors' own is Ronald Reagan. Reagan defended freedom of speech and of political association—even for Communists—but he also, famously, opposed Communism in the film industry. When the blacklist was a done deal, he worked to minimize its scope, but he didn't allow himself to be used by Communists seeking liberal cover. He provides a welcome voice of clarity.

Red Star does not dwell on the fact that the stories that were untold might be more important than those the Hollywood Communists actually told. Nobody watches *Mission to Moscow* for anything other than historical interest now, and it's hard to argue that the few explicitly pro-Communist movies had much impact. But how much have we lost from the movies' silence about Communism's crimes? What if we had a *Schindler's List* set in the gulag, or a Vietnam movie that focused on—novel concept—the Vietnamese? There are a few exceptions to the general rule of silence: Joan Chen's relentless *Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl*, for example. But for the most part these stories have not yet been told by Hollywood—not because Hollywood leftists are clueless about Stalin's crimes or Mao's, but because Communism does not immediately spring to their minds as a setting for drama and tragedy. It conflicts with the easy narrative rooted in the blacklist.

Red Star Over Hollywood focuses on a tiny skirmish in the Cold War. At times its detailed accounts of personal/political feuds can seem obsessive and antiquarian. But by replacing the key Hollywood myth with the truth—a truth far less flattering to the Left—*Red Star* may make it easier for more important truths to be heard in Hollywood, and everywhere else. **NR**

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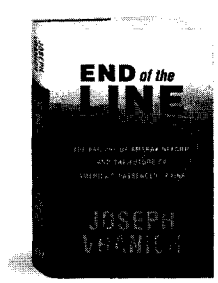

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The Birds And the Bees

Madame Bovary's Ovaries: A Darwinian Look at Literature, by David P. Barash and Nanelle R. Barash (Delacorte, 272 pp., $24)

JOHN DERBYSHIRE

It is 41 years now since zoologist William D. Hamilton worked out the evolutionary mathematics of kin altruism, demonstrating that even behavior that seems to belong to the moral and educational superstructure of human nature can be explained by natural selection. Sociobiology was on the march.

That march did not, of course, go unopposed. The political Left was outraged at the suggestion that our nature might have something to do with our biology, and therefore might not be infinitely malleable. Could there, then, be no "New Soviet Man"? No withering away of all behavioral sex differences? No elimination of all preference for one's own kin or ethny over those more distantly related? Perish the thought! The Left rallied under charismatic generals like the late Stephen Jay Gould, and battle was joined.

The current state of the conflict is a sort of wary stalemate. The Left has conceded that the fundamental science behind sociobiology is indisputable, so that unyielding all-points opposition in the style of Gould is no longer tenable. Accredited human-science professionals John Tooby and Leda Cosmides have worked up "evolutionary psychology," a low-tar version of sociobiology omitting all those elements that are obnoxious to the egalitarian Left, so even the most politically correct human scientist can now utter phrases like "assortative mating" and "parental investment" without blushing. In any case, the Left still firmly controls the Humanities, and thereby the commanding heights of Academia. This, they feel, gives them police power over *how much* may be said aloud about the biological roots of human behavior. It also gives them the right to punish those who say too much—people like the hapless Larry Summers.

The political Left was outraged at the suggestion that our nature might have something to do with our biology, and therefore might not be infinitely malleable.

This carefully policed armistice is the context in which *Madame Bovary's Ovaries* should be read. David Barash is a professor of psychology at the University of Washington in Seattle; Nanelle Barash is his daughter, an undergraduate studying literature and biology at Swarthmore. In this collaborative effort, father and daughter take us through some well-known works of world literature to point out the basic facts of biology that underlie their stories. The general drift of the book is illustrated by the opening sentences of a paragraph in Chapter 5 ("The Biology of Adultery"): "It isn't just Emma Bovary who is especially likely to be unfaithful when her mate has suffered a decline in status. A recent study of black-capped chickadees, for instance, found that . . ."

So it goes. *Othello*? "It pays males to be sexually jealous and thus highly protective of their reproductive prerogatives." Jane Austen? "Resource-rich males of nearly every species become remarkably attractive at a level that often goes beyond . . . conscious awareness." *The Godfather*? "Not only is Don Vito the symbol of the family, he is . . . progenitor of (half) of its genes." *Little Women*? "The Marches are a tightly bound genetic unit." *Portnoy's Complaint*? "Conflict over weaning, or its equivalent in birds, does not exhaust the potential for parents and offspring to disagree."

It's fun, in a mild way, but somewhat wearying to read at book length. Do I really need a 30-page chapter to tell me the biological origins of the traditional double standard on sexual infidelity? It is simply a matter of resource priorities. As a biologist friend of mine likes to point out, if there were only a thousand men and a thousand women on the planet, you could kill off 999 of the men, and the human race would almost certainly survive. However, if you were to kill off 999 of the women, the race would almost certainly not survive. Or, as William James put it:

> Hogamus higamus,
> Man is polygamous.
> Higamus, hogamus,
> Woman is monogamous.

I hoped for more enlightening insights from the chapter on friendship and the kindness of strangers, features of human social life that appear difficult to understand from the point of view of Hamilton's calculating genes. The authors dwell on these matters for much of a chapter, without really placing them in a truly

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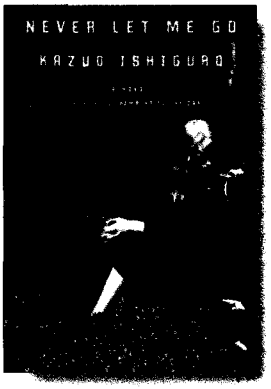
evolutionary context. "Systems of [non-kin] reciprocity are likely to be inherently unstable, relying on a variety of psychological and social mechanisms in order to keep them going." No kidding. But where does non-kin altruism come from?

The authors' real problem here is that they are trespassing very close to the boundaries of what may be written about for the general public. Of injunctions like the Golden Rule, they say: "They are especially important since . . . when those others are truly 'other'—that is, unrelated—there is a powerful yet subtle pressure to behave more selfishly." But perhaps our awareness of kinship does not end with our actual known kin, but extends to . . . people who . . . look . . . *like ourselves?* Eeeek! Here you see the difficulties of explaining a theory when parts of it have been fenced off as unsuitable for public display.

The authors' argument is not helped by their unfortunate style. Aware of the somewhat inflammable nature of their material, they have tried to make it more acceptable by writing in a breezy, jokey manner. This doesn't really come off, and in places is positively toe-curling. See if you can identify the parties being referred to here: "True it is that by sacrificing Iphy, Aggy lost a daughter, but he gained immense prestige among his fellow Greeks and, with the ultimately successful war against Troy, his pick of their women." Similarly, there seems to be no simile too tired, no catchphrase too worn, to be admitted to the Barashes' party. If you agree with Milton's idealistic view of married love, they have a can-you-guess-what? in Brooklyn that you might want to purchase. Do you know what three qualities realtors prize above all others in a property? And so on.

I am sorry not to have been able to give a better review to *Madame Bovary's Ovaries*. Half a loaf is better than no bread, and it is a very good thing that popular books setting human nature in its biological, evolutionary context are being published, even if the only approach they may take is the upbeat, Tooby-Cosmidesean one that approaches Mother Nature's red teeth and claws with dentifrice and clippers. And I confess that the evolutionary explanation for Aeneas's desertion of Dido had never occurred to me until I read it here. **NR**

'Lucky Pawns'



Never Let Me Go,
by Kazuo Ishiguro
(Knopf, 304 pp., $24)

GINA R. DALFONZO

KAZUO ISHIGURO is known for writing stories told in a calm, almost remote manner by narrators who have lived through tumultuous times—the bombing of Nagasaki, for instance, or Hitler's rise to power. The narrators give the impression that the only way they can share their memories is to stand at a safe distance from them. The tone is well chosen for such characters as the reserved English butler in Ishiguro's most famous novel, *The Remains of the Day*; but it gains a strange new power when used to tell a horror story.

Ishiguro's new book, *Never Let Me Go*, is set in the recent past and narrated by a 31-year-old woman who introduces herself simply as Kathy H. In a series of impressionistic flashbacks, Kathy recalls her days growing up at Hailsham, an exclusive school in England. Exactly where in England is never specified—Kathy herself doesn't even seem to remember. This is just one of a series of omissions and other oddities that grow increasingly difficult to overlook as the story progresses.

Kathy describes her career, on the first page of the novel, as matter-of-factly as she describes her childhood: "I've been a carer now for over eleven years. . . . My donors have always tended to do much better than expected. Their recovery times have been impressive, and hardly any of them have been classified as 'agitated,' even before fourth donation." Though clearly proud of her work, Kathy is no hurry to go into detail about these unusual terms, or to explain why so many of her friends have pursued the same line of work—or why "carers" eventually end up as "donors."

Her memories focus mainly on two of those friends: Ruth and Tommy, fellow Hailsham students with whom she's recently come into contact again. We see them as schoolchildren engaged in puzzling activities that they take for granted—such as producing paintings, drawings, and sculptures that are carted away by a mysterious woman known only as "Madame."

Kathy then starts dropping shattering revelations into the story, almost as casually as she recalls that it was raining on a given day. About a time when she'd caught "Madame" watching her and crying, Kathy reminisces, "When I told Tommy about what had happened with Madame in the dorm, he came up with a fairly simple explanation. By then, of course, we all knew something I hadn't known back then, which was that none of us could have babies."

And so we learn, as gradually and insidiously as they did, that these children must deal with a knowledge that clouds all their lives, though it affects them all differently. The first time we see Tommy, he's on the verge of throwing a violent temper tantrum. Kathy, cool and practical even at 13, feels a twinge of sympathy for her hot-headed schoolmate and manages to calm him down when no one else will go near him. Sympathy develops into friendship as Tommy matures and learns to control his outbursts.

Tommy, however, takes up with Ruth, Kathy's other close friend, who actually becomes less mature as she grows up. Unequipped with Kathy's iron self-control or Tommy's hard-earned fortitude, Ruth can't find a way to cope with the knowledge that grows ever more troubling. She lurches back and forth between kindness and vindictiveness. It becomes apparent that she's clinging to her relationship with Tommy for selfish reasons, and yet it sometimes seems that she's deliberately trying to sabotage it.

Ruth picks so many quarrels that Kathy feels little regret when they eventually part

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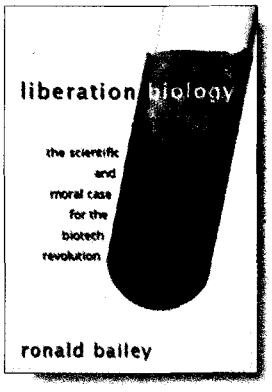
ways. Yet for all her repellent personality, Ruth is ultimately the most vulnerable, and thus in some ways the most appealing, of all the characters. For Ruth, like her fellow students, is facing something that is nearly impossible to face. Ishiguro has done some subtle rewriting of history, giving the post-war British society into which these characters were born the same views on the role of science and the value of life that much of our society has now—plus technology far more advanced than ours.

So the sheltered Hailsham students are living out the logical consequences of that worldview—a worldview that leads most outsiders, along with many of their own teachers, to regard them as less than human. Even as adults living in the wider world, Kathy and her schoolmates feel themselves cut off from others: They have a destiny they did not choose but must not question.

"I can see," someone tells Kathy and Tommy at one point, "that it might look as though you were simply pawns in a game. It can certainly be looked at like that. But think of it. You were lucky pawns." She's referring to the fact that when they were children, there were people who dedicated their whole lives to fighting for them, to guarantee that they would have normal childhoods and a good education. But this discovery serves only to teach the youngsters what devilish things are sometimes done in the name of compassion.

This summary risks making the book sound like an "issues novel." But though Ishiguro is in fact dealing with bioethics—which involves some of the most divisive issues of our time—this quietly devastating, beautifully written tale can hardly be reduced to such a simplistic level. Ishiguro has done what all great novelists do: He has drawn from his imagination a fictional world that captivates the reader. Though Kathy tells much of her own story in the detached tone of an observer (even when she remembers bursting into tears, she seems to be talking about someone else's sorrow), we come away feeling its emotional consequences—an experience that no mere preachy "novel of ideas" can produce. At the very least, Ishiguro ensures that, having known Kathy's world, we will look at our own through changed eyes. **NR**

Cold Utopia



Liberation Biology: The Scientific and Moral Case for the Biotech Revolution, by Ronald Bailey (Prometheus, 310 pp., $28)

WESLEY J. SMITH

I EXPECTED to disagree with most of what Ronald Bailey advocates in his new book, but I didn't expect to be disappointed by the book itself. Bailey, the science correspondent for the libertarian magazine *Reason*, has long supported granting scientists a virtually anything-goes license to engage in human cloning and other biotechnologies. But even though the subjects he tackles are almost unfathomably deep, Bailey barely manages to get his feet wet.

Part of the problem is that he eagerly swallows the propaganda that if we would just untie scientists' hands and lard on the public funding, we would achieve an earthly Nirvana. Bailey predicts that bioscience will permit us to become "forever young": "By the end of the 21st Century, the typical American may attend a family reunion in which five generations are playing together. And great-great-great grandma, at 150 years old, will be as vital, with muscle tone as firm and supple, skin as elastic and glowing, as her thirty-year-old great-great grandson with whom she's playing touch football."

Surely, an author should back such an apparently unrealistic prediction with solid, compelling evidence. But it isn't there. Astonishingly, most of the proof in this book consists of hype, speculation, and an almost desperate hope—bordering on faith—that science will overcome all obstacles to the corporeal Promised Land.

Here's one sequence from Bailey's book: One scientist lengthened the life of lab mice by restricting their caloric intake. Another researcher was studying the effects of this process in rhesus monkeys. In a third, related experiment, lab mice were being given a drug that allowed them to overeat but not gain weight. The monkeys' test results aren't in, and researchers don't know whether the treated mice will live longer—yet Bailey breezily expects that this research will result in a pill "providing the benefits of calorie restriction [life extension] while still allowing you to inhale all the ice cream and beer you want." The book's credibility is seriously undermined by such wave-the-magic-wand-and-it-will-be-so assumptions.

Another big problem with *Liberation Biology* is Bailey's obsession with the "bioconservatives"—of both political Left and Right—whom he caricatures as seeking "to restrict scientific research, ban the development and commercialization of biotech products and procedures, and deny citizens access to the fruits of the biotech revolution." This is nonsense. While it is certainly true that many wish to ban human cloning and germ-line genetic engineering, these represent only very small pieces of the huge biotech pie. Indeed, many of the very areas of experimentation that Bailey touts in his book encounter little opposition. There is certainly no organized move to ban the calorie-restriction experiments—except perhaps from People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, which seeks to ban all animal research. Nobody is trying to prevent scientists from developing a cancer cure called telomerase therapy, which would—*if* it worked—use the mechanics of cell aging to stop cancer cells from dividing. I have never heard any moral objections to gene therapy that might one day be able to correct genetic defects by inserting healthy genes into diseased body systems. And adult-stem-cell research is universally supported.

Mr. Smith is a senior fellow at the Discovery Institute and a special consultant for the Center for Bioethics and Culture. His current book is *Consumer's Guide to a Brave New World.*

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Speaking of which, for a writer obsessed with avoiding "the certain oblivion of the grave," Bailey gives amazingly short shrift to the stunning advances occurring in human medicine thanks to adult stem cells; he spends a meager few pages on the issue. In contrast, he trembles with excitement at the potential for embryonic-stem-cell research and therapeutic human cloning. He also makes much of Geron Corporation's supposed success in treating crippled mice with glial cells the company claims were successfully derived from embryonic stem cells. Mice given this treatment, Bailey writes, have gained bladder control and the ability to use their hind legs while walking. The company told Bailey it would begin human trials in 2006.

Yet Bailey fails to mention that two dozen *human beings* have already received many of the same results, in experiments conducted in Lisbon by Dr. Carlos Lima using paralyzed patients' own nasal stem cells. Not only have the patients regained bodily sensation and even bladder control, but, as two of Dr. Lima's American patients testified before a U.S. Senate subcommittee last year, some can now get to their feet and walk using braces.

Human heart patients have also received measurable benefit using their own blood or bone-marrow stem cells—to the point that candidates for heart transplants no longer needed transplants. The FDA has now permitted human trials to begin here in the U.S. Mice with late-stage juvenile diabetes have been cured outright by a Harvard researcher using spleen cells—a potential miracle treatment that is also now ready for human trials. The list could go on—but Bailey ignores these and most other advances in animal and early-human-adult stem-cell experiments, apparently so that he can convince readers that the morally controversial (and less advanced) embryo-based alternatives offer greater hope for cures.

The final area of disappointment is Bailey's failure to grapple deeply with the profound moral issues at the heart of the human-cloning and genetic-engineering debates. The author concedes at one point that the "moral choices" we face are not easy. But throughout the book he writes as if they were all slam-dunks. Therapeutic cloning? Bring it on! Reproductive cloning? Once it is safe, why not? Germline engineering and the genetic enhancement of children? Go for it! What about going as far as the late bioethicist Joseph Fletcher, who advocated creating human/animal hybrids to do dangerous and menial jobs? Bailey shrugs: "Is Fletcher's proposal all that different from training dolphins to find underwater explosives, or using dogs to corral dangerous criminals?"

Is there *nothing* that should be off limits? How about injecting human brain cells into the developing brains of fetal chimpanzees? "That's clearly a bit closer to the line," Bailey writes. But what line? How do we decide where it is to be drawn? What are the philosophical bases for having a "line" at all? Bailey never explains. Indeed, the only tiny qualm he expresses in the entire book about the brave new world toward which we are being driven concerns mixing human and animal genes, cells, and tissues. "The main ethical concern about such research," he writes, "is not the creation of improved and useful animals, but the risk of producing what would be, in effect, diminished human beings." But why would this be a problem? Is there something intrinsic to humanity that makes us special? If not, when—if ever—is life sacrosanct? This is the important subtext of the entire debate, yet Bailey barely skims the surface.

Biotechnology is too important to the human future to be treated so shallowly. Already, nascent human life has been reduced to the status of a mere commodity by bioscience. Recently, the National Academy of Sciences supported the creation, both naturally and through cloning, of human embryos exclusively for use in research—something that would have generated negative headlines just a few years ago. New Jersey has legalized the cloning of human embryos, their implantation into wombs, and gestation through the ninth month—in essence, a license to engage in cloned-fetus farming. Scientists are creating animal/human hybrids with increasing amounts of human DNA. A new social movement known as transhumanism believes that we should bioengineer ourselves and our posterity into a "post-human" species.

Surely, given the high stakes, society has a duty to debate these matters thoroughly and make careful and deliberate choices about what areas of biotech we want to encourage, what areas we are willing to tolerate but not publicly fund, and what we should, in a few cases, prevent. Bailey doesn't agree: He claims that democracy has no place in these matters, being "an appeal to the prejudices and emotions of an uninformed public." In other words, we should leave one of the most important moral issues in human history to the scientists, many of whom have a vested interest in moving the research forward.

But if history proves anything it is the need for checks and balances over powerful segments of society—and bioscience is extremely powerful. Moreover, science itself is amoral. No matter how well-meaning researchers are—and let us stipulate that they are almost all well-meaning—science unleavened by a profound respect for all human life is dangerous. If you doubt it, just look at the eugenics movement and the Tuskegee experiments.

Finding the right moral leaven is precisely the task at hand. Everybody wants scientific progress and improved human health. But laudable ends do not justify all means. We have to guard against hubris, and the ever-present risk of unintended consequences. More fundamentally, we are now forced to decide what it means to be human and whether that status is even important. And we will have only one chance to get it right.

This will require careful discernment and respectful and informed debate from all perspectives. In *Liberation Biology*, what Bailey offers instead is mostly boosterism and polemics. As a consequence, he fails to make "the scientific and moral case for the biotech revolution." **NR**

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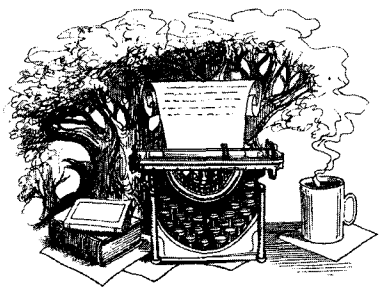
■ COUNTRY LIFE ■

Rooting Section



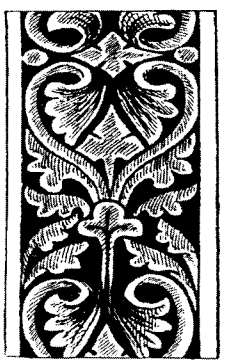
RICHARD BROOKHISER

Two hours from my apartment is my house, which is surrounded by stones, hunters, ATVs, artists, herbalists, owls, and plants. To learn about the plants I took a course from an herbalist.

She lives on a hillside on the Kripplebush-Krumville-Samsonville road. There were ten other people in the class, including my wife. We were the only weekenders; I was the only man, and the only gray head. We took off our shoes before entering the meditation room (our parents would have called it the living room; our grandparents, the parlor) and sat cross-legged on pillows. The herbalist passed around a Neolithic pestle, for a speaking stone: about the size of a softball, but oblong, with an indentation for the thumb. Everyone said what she—with that ratio, the pronoun seems appropriate—wanted to learn. He (me) said his life as a homeowner had changed when he started putting dandelions into salads instead of trying vainly to dig them up; I wanted to know what else was out there. Since we had six hours of learning ahead of us, the herbalist asked us not to flush the toilet unnecessarily. Pissing on the lawn was encouraged, since nitrogen is good for the soil. Someone said her kids had a pee spot on their lawn where the grass has died; why was that? Too much of a good thing, in this case fertilizer, is too much. We adjourned to the garden.

It was a glorious spring day, cloudless and cool. The wire-mesh gate of the garden, behind and above the house, incorporated the branch of a kiwi tree, which swung in and out as the gate did, like the arm of a maître d'. Up the slope, the plants grew in neat beds, for ease of access (only amateurs yearn for profusion). This part of the class was devoted to meeting our subjects. Introductions are performed in four parts—seeing, smelling, touching, and (when one is with a knowledgeable person) tasting. Older herbalists had a notion that the appearance of a plant sometimes gave a clue to its medicinal use: A heart-shaped leaf might be good for the heart. Cleavers (*galium aparine*) look like some sort of pipe cleaner, and they indeed seem to help with lymphatic drainage. You have to apply this principle cautiously: The destroying angel is an angelic, and lethal, white mushroom. My wife, who was a Latinist in high school, picked up the plants' scientific names so readily that a woman who was home-schooling asked if she thought Latin would be a good thing to teach.

Besides cleavers, we met violets, chickweed, wild lettuce, Johnny-jump-ups, sedum, lamb's quarters, and garlic mustard. We met, but did not shake hands with, stinging nettles. Some of these plants are pert little extroverts—Johnny-jump-ups have five-petaled flowers that look like the faces of small feisty dogs. Some are stolid yeomen of garden borders, some are ripped up as weeds. But all of them are tasty, or useful; after making their acquaintance, we harvested them, like thrifty investors. Plantain, the last addition to our portfolio, had not even made it into our herbalist's garden; it carpeted the ground under the clothesline in humble splotches. It was also known as white man's foot, because it spread wherever settlers penetrated. The leaves are as cool and smooth as a baby's butt; chew one up and spit a poultice on a bug bite or a small cut for quick relief.



After meeting and greeting came eating. "We're all part of the same cycle," someone observed. "And they'll grow out of us when we're gone," I thought but did not say. The cleavers were put aside; the nettles got boiled into a soup. The purple and yellow flowers got mixed into a ball of butter, which ended up speckled and sparkling like a Victorian paperweight. Everything else went into the salad. Only one person in the group identified herself as a vegan, but several were former vegans. This might be a trend; I expect to learn more in a later class devoted to nutrition.

The end of our tutorial took place in the barn, which is the herbalist's lab. We made a tincture of cleavers, and a tincture of valerian, good for nerves and sleeplessness (the herbs, minced or powdered, go into 4 oz. jars with 100-proof alcohol and sit in a cool, dark place for six weeks). The herbalist had also been preparing a syrup for the blood, which we bottled. "You are now crude pharmacists," she told us when we were done.

There followed some talk in which the pharmaceutical industry took it pretty hard. This led to a discussion of the pros and cons of vaccination. Several women said they had never vaccinated their children, but another demurred: Maybe that works only because everyone else's children do get vaccinated. In 1806 Thomas Jefferson wrote Dr. Edward Jenner, the vanquisher of smallpox: "Yours is the comfortable reflection that mankind can never forget that you have lived." But some have forgotten, it seems. It's a big country, as Jefferson might have observed.

I got cancer 13 years ago very likely because my mother took DES, an anti-miscarriage drug popular in the Fifties. On the other hand, chemotherapy saved my life. What you lose on the curves, you gain on the straightaway. Modern medicine can be faddish and brutal, but think what it has accomplished. I want cleavers on my side, but I want everything else too. There is a fantasy, dear to both science-heads and skeptics, that holds that if we only do everything right, we can somehow escape catastrophe. But we can't. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts to living. At the end of class we held hands, everyone gave a benediction, then we drove home behind our internal-combustion engines.

I told my friend the artist that people upstate tend to be rednecks, or hippies. "Hippies are a kind of redneck," he said. **NR**

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Whose Money Is It?

NEW YORK, MAY 13

OUR devious tax laws give rise to such venerable questions as, Whose money is it? This point was raised acutely by the court in Chicago that ruled that United Airlines could legitimately, when turning to the protections of the bankruptcy law, suspend the payment of pensions accrued. One can sympathize with the outrage felt by company employees who have lived on the assumption that pension funds were accumulating to which one day they would have access.

The company's position is what one might expect. If the purpose of the bankruptcy law is to suspend the obligations of a company in bankruptcy, then one would expect that "all obligations" would include pension payments. The position of the unions is that the sequestration of those funds was sacrosanct.

In December, US Airways brushed against the same question, and when the court paused to hear the company's case, the union responded with a "slowdown." The union pointed out that company executives had not cut their own benefits, a good tough cultural charge pointing to the catastrophic conduct of some capitalist enterprises, which reward failed CEOs with hundreds of millions while playing loosely with obligations to lesser employees.

But—again—whose money is it? No doubt United and US Airways listed payments to the pension fund as expenses, entitling them to reduced tax exposure. But the companies did not segregate these pension funds and put them away in Fort Knox. They behaved rather as the U.S. government behaves when it incurs a Social Security obligation—they file a claim on themselves. But—yet again—whose money is it? If the unions with which US Airways negotiated employment contracts did not insist on the segregation of the pension money, were they in some way complicit in the legerdemain that then happened?

I recently wrote in this space that a major problem with the Social Security system is that people are asking for greater returns than they should reasonably expect. George Shadroui, the nimble analyst for FrontPageMagazine.com, reproached me. His reasoning is that when you are clipped by the Social Security tax let us say $1,000, what is owed you down the line isn't just $1,000 plus interest. It is also compensation for lost economic opportunities. If you had had that $1,000 to deploy on your own, you might have used it to invest in enterprises which would eventually earn for you a bite of the U.S. national economy. That, in other ways, is what Mr. Bush is arguing.

But the question remains: Whose money is it? It is easy to say: Yours. But the Social Security system is a complex social organization with complex obligations. For instance, if you were to die a month after beginning your Social Security payments, the government would pay money to your widow throughout her lifetime.

Who is supposed to pay for that protection for your family? If you took out life insurance, the contractual implications of the arrangement would be easily understood. But since Uncle Sam is shouldering it, how should he be reimbursed, if not by the forfeiture of one or another hypothetical claim? In this case, the claim to possible profits you might have made investing the money on your own.

The looming nightmare of General Motors is the august horror of the day. One learns that one-fifth of GM's total payroll cost is the money the company undertakes to pay its workers and retirees in health benefits. Whose money is that?

Agreed, the money of the employees. But if pension obligations induce bankruptcy, how are such pensions protected? Can the powerful unions that negotiated such benefits authorize a retroactive reduction, such as might prolong the life of the company? Or would they then be dealing with stolen property?

We are paying for licenses taken in the past. During World War II, you couldn't raise wages, under price-control laws. So corporations raised benefits instead, and took deductions on them, and the government—winked. What will the government do in the junctures ahead? With bankruptcy laws and sheltered investments? Whose money is it? we repeat.

Phony Apocalypse

NEW YORK, MAY 20

REALLY, you would think the Republicans had proposed to topple the Statue of Liberty. The brummagem moral fanfare imposed on the controversy reminds one of the desperation with which losers will attempt to cope with disappointment at the polls.

It is worth pondering what it is that is being fought over. In the 18th century, England went to war with Spain nudged on by evidence that Spanish guards had defaced a British naval officer. What began as the War of Jenkins's Ear had a long afterlife, but the sliced-off ear was the proximate cause of it, and now we are asked to believe that sending Priscilla Owen to the Court of Appeals would be a long stride in the reconfiguration of constitutional arrangements.

Focus on the Ear of this threatened war. It would have been more reassuring if the fight had been over a Robert Bork, a candidate of singular eminence. Judge Owen is not an arresting judicial figure to that degree and has here and there given voice to politically incorrect sentiments.

Still, the focus isn't on a single nominee. There are ten presidential nominations to the federal appellate courts that were grounded in Bush's first term; he has renominated seven of them, including Owen. Attention has now turned to the question of process. The Democrats have long brandished the ultimate weapon of the minority, the filibuster.

The filibuster may be defined as a means by which a single senator can multiply his strength by ten. As long as the cloture rule prevails, 51 senators cannot act for the Senate. What's needed is 60 senators—i.e., enough to gainsay a filibuster, ongoing or threatened.

Threat brings on counter-threat. The announced determination of the Republi-

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can majority to vitiate cloture has mobilized the Democrats to say, in effect, that if such a step is taken, they will retaliate by closing down the Senate. Well, not quite closing it down. The threatening senators would not close down that much of their activity as is required to meet financial obligations, but would cease all other work, effectively closing down the legislative branch of government.

Representatives of both sides continue to meet, seeking a "compromise." The compromise being talked about is of two kinds. The first would in effect reduce the authority of the president to name judges, subject always to majority approval. The proposal is that a commission come up with a pool of acceptable judges and recommend that the president make his choice from among them. Compromise of a second kind would amount to a face-saver. Something on the order of ordaining 100 hours of debate in the Senate before a decisive vote.

An interesting feature in the dispute is that some of the hardliners are former House members, and there the tradition is that the majority exercises the authority of the majority with no shedding of constitutional tears over imperiled traditions. Senator Santorum, for instance, says simply: The Constitution requires assent by the Senate for presidential appointments. Well, we are the Senate, and 51 votes control the Senate, and why are we going on so endlessly in this dispute?

Invigorating words. Moreover, the Republican senators tend to dissipate their authority by hesitating to use it. That hesitation, after a while, comes over not as deliberation, but as irresolution. If the nomination of Judge Owen generates irresolution, then let distressed Republican senators just say so—say that they will vote against her. To do that is better than to abandon their responsibility to act as an effective majority.

Europe Kaput

NEW YORK, MAY 31

THE negative vote in France tells us some things, but fails to tell us others we are curious to know.

Most sharply, it flashes out at us the difference between parliamentary approval and popular approval. All the voting, up until Sunday's, had been by parliaments, except for Spain. Scheduled for June 1 is a second referendum vote (in the Netherlands). Other votes (with the exception of Malta's) are to be popular votes. The big story of course is that if the Dutch follow the French, there isn't much point in going any further, because the whole idea of a European Constitution will have crashed.

What's going on?

We are told that the elite and the non-elite—the commoners—are differently inclined. In France, this was so. There are always the exceptions, but the elite in France voted yes on the constitution that sophisticated craftsmen, under the direction of Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, labored over for three years, producing over a hundred pages of laws and regulations per year.

What were they up to?

They wanted a country, called Europe. They wanted, after six centuries of them, to avoid internecine wars. To that end, six nations brought forth a precursor to the European Union in 1951, which spawned the European Economic Community in 1957, which brought on the European Union of 1992. By now, "Europe" meant 25 countries, 26 assuming the accession of Turkey in coming years. The first goal was a reduction in tariff barriers. This happened, and proved successful, creating an inertia that pointed to further relinquishments of national power, comparable to the American experience as member states of the Union gave over power to the federal government.

The vision has been pretty heady. Europe would be the largest economic unit in the world, a union of the nations that provided the cultural, economic, military, and artistic overhead of the Western world up until the United States achieved parity, and then supremacy. There would be problems, it was acknowledged in the thousand forums at which these matters were discussed. But these problems would be negotiated.

What haunted the vision, in recent years, were two demographic ice floes. The first, the diminution of the birthrate in native populations; the second, the perception that genuine freedom had to include the freedom to migrate. If simultaneously (to take only a single example), Swedes diminish in numbers by their negative birthrate, and Turks are free to immigrate to Sweden, the cultural contours of existing society will be gradually reshaped.

Such developments the elite can live with, but they generate apprehension in others, men and women who have looked to their governments to protect their interests. We know that 70 percent of French farmers voted no on the new constitution. Now, French farmers are the most coddled economic tribe in the entire world, so why should they invite any change in the laws they live under? Public and blue-collar workers, and of course the unemployed, voted no. Their leverage on the immediate future of France, which is the future they are concerned with, depends on exertions within a political framework they are familiar with. If the eggheads in Paris want a great visionary constitution in place of what they have got now, let them go for it, but don't let them hallucinate that this has the backing of the French working man.

The shock of the May 29 vote will affect politics everywhere. Poor Tony Blair is all but speechless trying to handle it. On the one hand, he has been a leader in encouraging the European idea. But a lurking skepticism among the Brits brought him several years ago to pledge that he would not take Great Britain into Europe without a referendum. It was expected that by the time a vote became relevant, the advantages of Europe would overwhelm parochial concerns.

Well, although Mr. Blair had thought the British plebiscite could be safely scheduled for spring 2006, he faces now the real possibility that by spring 2006, the whole idea of a united Europe will have given way to the sturdy weeds of tradition and nationalism which indeed have brought wars in the past, but which the French people, for all their exalted talk about an exalted Europe, just don't want to be without.

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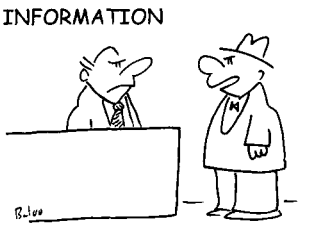

"I'm not either being nosy!"

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happy warrior

MARK STEYN

Fly Me a River

THE KING HUSSEIN CENTER happens to be stocked with lissome young ladies," wrote Jay Nordlinger the other day. He was reporting for National Review Online from the Davos Middle Eastern confab in Jordan, and, although he had many insightful observations to make about the big geopolitical socio-economic questions of our time, it was the "lissome young ladies" who caught my eye, as evidently they had caught his. Jay's no slouch at the in-depth investigative-journalism stuff, so, warming to his theme, he went on to report that many of the "hostesses" were wearing the uniform of Royal Jordanian Airlines.

Ah, yes, I sighed contentedly, as the memories came flooding back. In recent years, my flights to the Middle East have begun with a little US Airways twin-prop down to Boston or New York—no "cabin service" at all; they don't have any on their bigger planes either, but at least on the twin-props there's no hatchet-faced "flight attendant" in shiny stretch pants and flat shoes shuffling along the aisle doling out mini-bags of mini-pretzels to remind you of all the "cabin service" you're not getting. In Boston or New York, I switch to Virgin—much better: proper "trolley dollies" in bright smart red skirts and heels and the best kind of peppy Estuary English accents that make you feel like you're Austin Powers and they're at least prepared to pretend you're shagadelic. And then in London, for the final leg (as it were), it's Royal Jordanian to Amman—bliss: "air hostesses" in dapper stylish uniforms that, like Singapore and the other great Asian airlines, are an artful combination of native elements from local culture and retro cool from our own. East is East and West is West and ne'er the twain shall meet, but on the best national carriers from east of Suez they come pretty close.

The Royal Jordanian gals had our man Nordlinger waxing nostalgic. "These uniforms are a real throwback, to the America of the 1950s or so," he wrote. "You remember that movie in which Leonardo DiCaprio played that conman, who posed as a pilot for Eastern or something? You remember that bevy of fresh, eager, fetching stewardesses (and in those days, you could use the word 'stewardess'—'flight attendant' was a long way off)?"

Catch Me If You Can, the DiCaprio caper in question, does a grand job of evoking that era—the jet-age glamour of the air terminals with the flying-saucer shapes; Sinatra singing "Come Fly with Me" with that marvelous Billy

The look of Catch Me If You Can

May intro that sounds like an orchestral Boeing taxi-ing down the runway and taking off into the blue; and, of course, the gals.

Which begs the question: Where did it all go? In America, that is. U.S. air travel is the exception that proves the rule about American service: In a Welsh restaurant or Austrian department store, I long for American waitresses and sales clerks. But on USAir or Northwest or Continental, I pine fondly for Royal Jordanian or British or Thai Airways. I yield to no one in the amount of derision I'm willing to heap on "Old Europe," but, if it's a choice between Delta and Air France, or United and Lufthansa, I'm with Jacques and Gerhard in wanting to put as much distance as possible between me and the arrogant bullying unilateralist Yank, if only when airborne and pushing a cart of Clamato cans.

Two years ago, an American Express survey revealed that 55 percent of customers had found a "noticeable decline" in cabin service since 9/11, which is pretty amazing because it was a good nine-tenths down the abyss before 9/11. The *Wall Street Journal* reported the dissatisfactions of "flight attendants"—"A lot of us," said Glenda Talley of US Airways, "are in a terrible mood before we even set foot on the plane." "There's more stress to the job," complained Kristi Tucker of Delta. "As human beings we can only take so much," said someone from United. Yeah, fly me a river, baby.

Or how about this? According to flight attendant René Foss, "It didn't take long after Sept. 11 for people to start acting like complete idiots again." The first sign you're acting like a complete idiot is when you book a ticket with these guys. The *Journal* proposed eight improvements airlines could introduce—more legroom, junk the cart, predictable stuff. But no one thought to address the most obvious defect—that U.S. airlines look just awful, beginning with the shiny shapeless prison-warden garb of their staff, the product of some malign combination of unionization and feminism. I'm not being sexist here—if you want to see America's worst-dressed gay men, take a plane; when the networks have exhausted every other lame makeover reality-show concept, they should do *Queer Eye for the Fly Guy*. But the point is, for many folks, an airline ticket is one of the biggest single payments we make other than for a car or house, and in return we get a grubby bus ride with seat restraints.

True, many of those spiffy foreign airlines are either state-owned or de facto monopolies. But America's federally-bailed-out basket-case carriers aren't exactly shining exemplars of ruthless capitalism. And their government-subsidized contempt for the public starts with the look—the look of the planes and the look of the staff, the look that says, "Who needs a look?" When the Arabs understand customer service better than you do, you know you've got a problem. **NR**

DREAMWORKS

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Max needs to liquidate these luxury watches so he came to us at NextTen. You see, NextTen has become synonymous with high quality watches at extraordinary values. We are offering the Regulator for a miraculous price—$349.75. Max is in tears, but he needs the cash. When the 3,435 watches are sold, that will be the end of them. I am keeping three for myself since I'm convinced that the rare design will make this watch sought after by collectors in years to come.

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